

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

THE odd tricks which memory plays are sometimes quite inexplicable, and if we endeavor to account for them we wonder why it is that so many things are left unrevealed while odd glimpses are given to us of most unimportant things in the past. A newspaper paragraph stating that King Edward VII., then Prince of Wales, visited Canada in 1860, brought back to me a few oddly assorted memories which had remained buried in my mind for a good many years. I was coming six years old when I went with my father and two sisters to see the reception to the Prince of Wales in Guelph. I remember the platform built to some sort of a pavilion; the dense crowd which welcomed him; the figure of the Prince as he hurried over the footway to the pavilion, and that there was a speech, and that he hurried away. This recollection may be entirely opposed to the history of the event, for he may not have been in Guelph at all, but the shutters in the camera of my memory have this little picture behind them. I remember that my father, who was an enthusiastic Englishman, bought me a large and succulent gingerbread horse to celebrate the day; also that I fell down and broke the horse all to pieces and was severely chid for my carelessness. The next memory is not so distinct, but it is of little lines of light around the blinds which had darkened my room for months. I wanted to know why the room was dark, and if they had saved the pieces of the horse. Many weeks had passed, and I had had inflammation of the brain, or something of that sort, not brought on. I imagine, by any enthusiasm over the Prince of Wales, but it was something which kept me from seeing a schoolhouse or an alphabet table till I was between eight and nine years old. Nevertheless, I remember the gay and boyish face of the man who is now King, and it seems appropriate that the darkness of that shuttered room which followed my first recollection of Edward VII. is now the passing gloom which surrounds his coming to the throne because of the love which is felt for his mother and the grief which ensouls her departure.

THE period of mourning which has been prescribed seems to me to be more extended than necessary. Still, those who have the best knowledge of the impulses of the Empire are those who have directed the movement that mourning shall extend into next month. Of course the wearing of nothing but black goods will be the ruin of those merchants who cannot extend their accounts until the time when the Empire of Great Britain resumes its normal condition. In the colonies this will have but little effect, but in London, where the life of the tradesman depends upon the life of the nation, the disaster will be very severe. It seems to me a sorrowful proposition that under any circumstances the death of a sovereign should mean the commercial destruction of people who are struggling for a livelihood. Yet the whole world has to wag as a world, not according to the tastes of an individual. Our fates seem to depend upon the fates of other people, and the great fate of all seems to be in the hand of One who controls not only the individual fortune, but the universal good. That small things get out of our reach and that which we are accustomed to enjoy occasionally becomes impossible, is a matter which we will only destroy ourselves in trying to control. As time and its wonderful attributes develop its hardnesses, its cruelties and its opportunities, we find our places. All would be well if we could only find our place in the next book. When Time is succeeded by Eternity, if we could just turn up the place and resume our reading of the story which has no beginning and no end, we could be reasonably happy. The misfortune of humanity appears to be that the story neither begins nor ends. Why we are here, or where we will be next, is left for us to guess. Probably the conundrum is easy and we will find its solution without the slightest trouble. The trouble we take to adorn our persons with apparel satisfactory to others, the trouble we take to obtain food and to find shelter, will astound us when we meet the full proportion in the Elsewhere.

SUBSCRIBING to popular funds has become a part of our business, like paying taxes and providing meal tickets for mendicants. How far it is an ennobling or praiseworthy thing it is difficult to judge. One thing is evident, and that is that this thing carried to an extreme will so deaden the public appetite for good things that the majority of people will soon refuse to hearken to the cry of charity. It is now proposed that by public subscription a statue shall be reared to her late lamented Majesty Queen Victoria. It may be that in the public heart there is a desire to contribute something for a statue, or for some institution to commemorate her reign. My belief has always been, and will unalterably remain the same, that what is done for public people should be taken from the public purse. I believe that everywhere throughout the British Empire in those places where we display the figures of those we have reason to love, a statue of Her Majesty should appear. The greatest artist in the world should design the figure, and throughout the Empire that figure should be displayed. I think there is no way of defeating the popular impulse towards the recognition and maintenance of a monarchy more certain in its destroying influence than the clamor for a public subscription. People will give money to such an object when pressed, but they feel that the tax is unduly levied upon them. I believe in the exhibition in our public parks of the figures of those who have demonstrated their greatness and have done something for the good of the people, but I also believe that the people as a whole, as a tax-paying body, should pay for these things. If these things are worth while, as they certainly are, everybody should contribute. If it is not a matter in which the whole people are concerned, then no space should be permitted in any public park, and no location should be granted for the statue of a person who is not admittedly a person of some importance. Let us give up for these things through our taxes. Let the great governing body of the province or country decide if a thing is right, and then proceed to do it without any passing around of the hat or the taking up of paltry subscriptions. In a patriotic and loyal way we frequently defeat the object intended to be served, by forcing people to do that which they would not otherwise do, on the ground that they are no greater beneficiaries of a magnificent reign than others. All these movements, it seems to me, should be the work of the whole people. If it be not established that this is the task of the Dominion, Provincial or municipal governments, our best men will remain unremembered, and our statuary will be of a very occasional and unimportant sort.

I think I am voicing the opinion of the whole Canadian people when I say that we have been done to death with subscriptions. All sorts and conditions of people, to make themselves prominent, or to get a commission, or to fill their idle hours, have been chasing subscriptions for all kinds of things. Let us do all these things self-respectingly. I think I pay enough taxes to feel that I am not evading the monetary issue, and consequently urge the doing of these things without passing around that terrible

institution, the plate in which nickels and quarters, dimes and dollars, rattle so obviously that one feels the cheapness and nastiness of a thing of which even an itinerant evangelist would be ashamed. If we are to have statues of Her Majesty, let us pay for them as a people, for it is not dignified nor graceful to take up collections for those in whom the whole body politic have an interest.

THE contributors to the Ottawa and Hull Fire Relief Fund will be glad to know that an octavo volume of 121 pages has been issued, descriptive of the outbreak of the fire and the payment of sums to the sufferers. The names of the contributors occupy 70 pages, and the total cash handled by the committee amounted to \$95,962.77. The cost of administering the fund was nearly \$15,000, not much more than a cent and a half on the dollar, which is not too much considering the expert advice and examination which was necessary to a proper allocation of the relief. Mr. J. C. Browne was the administrator and treasurer, and I feel proud to report that he has throughout absolutely refused to accept a single cent as an honorarium for his indefatigable labors. At the final meeting of the committee it was insisted that he should accept \$2,400 in recognition of his services, but this Mr. Browne positively declined to take. I have not seen the report, but am quoting from the Ottawa "Citizen," whose editor has satisfied himself of the facts. As contributors to this fund are to be found almost all over the world, Mr. Browne's unselfish zeal will do much to convince those who should never have been let contribute to a Canadian fund of this sort, that what was subscribed has been properly applied. The printed report will be sent to the contributors, but now that this question is about to be dropped, I again urge those who have to do with such things that never again anyone outside of Canada be permitted to subscribe for a fire, famine relief, or patriotic fund which concerns Canada only. Let us attend to these things ourselves. We are able to. Nothing is so destructive of our dignity and the posture which we must occupy in the

one who has protected them, not the alleged outraged woman. The outraged woman, as a rule, is a personality which should be avoided. She who proclaims her troubles to the world is generally the one who has created nearly everything of which she complains. It seems to me, since the facts have been dragged out of M. Delpit, who has been slow to defend himself, that the only issue which this case has developed has been that civil law must supersede ecclesiastical rule everywhere in this Dominion. While that is the case, the man who is suffering all this abuse should receive reasonable treatment. He no doubt has his own troubles; and that he has been so slow in giving them to the public and so exact when circumstances demanded a fuller statement, ought to be in his favor. The more we scrutinize the affairs of our neighbors and the tendency which we have to interfere, the more it seems to me that we are justified in minding absolutely our own business.

THREE is no one who is so generally disliked as the I-told-you-so person. People are generally inclined to believe of themselves that they are as well informed and have as much foresight as is given to anyone of the race. Nevertheless, it is a conspicuous fact that those who seem to believe it their mission on earth to convert the heathen were unduly bitter in their criticisms of "Saturday Night" when this paper stood almost alone in its protests against the conduct of missionaries in China. Some rather bitter paragraphs made in reprisal and in self-defense against a denominational journal may be recalled as one of the incidents of the stand I took with regard to the missionary complications as provocative of the war which is now being carried on in the Flowery Kingdom.

Where are we "at" now in this Chinese missionary business? There is not a paper of any influence anywhere which is defending the missionaries. The whole progress of events since the beginning of the disturbance has been towards the enlightenment of those who have been giving of their small means to the so-called Christianization of

appeared, and I am quite safe in prophesying that the raising of money for the reorganization of Chinese missions will be found to be a very difficult task.

TALKING about the Chinese, is the civilized world aware of what will be the result of bringing the Chinese into the light of modern competition? Suppose that we succeed in relieving 300,000,000 people from the thralldom, as we call it, of heathenism. What will be the result? We place in competition with the industrial world 300,000,000 of the most expert imitators, the cleverest mechanics and the cheapest laborers that could be found on the face of the earth. Why, in the name of everything sensible and commercial, should the industrial world try to waken up this nest of hornets which will destroy the value of labor and the incomes of those who exist as middlemen? One generation of dismemberment of China would mean the building of factories and an output of goods which would absolutely swamp the industrial countries which have been building up their trade for hundreds of years. Make China what the missionaries pretend they are trying to make it, and the rest of the world would be brought down to a Chinese level of wages and mechanism. The greatest revenge that time will wreak upon those who are interfering with China will be in the direction of seeing China what Great Britain, Germany, France and the United States are trying to be—the climax of industrial productiveness. The ungodliness and injustice of the interference of the civilized powers with China will find its retribution when Chinamen at ten cents a day are competing with civilized labor at two dollars a day. Without seeming to understand what we are about, we are preparing for an industrial revolution in the twentieth century, and the letters on the wall spell C-H-I-N-A. It should have been warning enough to the old nations of the world to see the quiet revolution which has taken place in Japan. The Chinese are as capable as the Japanese, and when we force the new things upon them there will be a nation confronting us which will have to be reckoned with, and then, and possibly not before, we will recognize the sleeping dog that we have awakened.

AN old employee of the city of Montreal who had spent forty years, the best years of his life, in the public service was compelled to submit to a reduction of his salary from \$900 to \$600 per year. He was over seventy years of age, and a married man. He had saved nothing out of his modest salary in a city where living is far more expensive than in Toronto. He doubtless looked forward to receiving his nine hundred dollars a year until he died in harness at the work he had performed so long. It was not an extravagant or ambitious dream for an old man. When they told him that he must take three hundred dollars less or go out and look for another job, he was afraid he and his family could not live on the reduced salary, and he walked out and put an end to his existence. The story is inexpressibly touching—the more so because we all know that if the city of Montreal is at all like other municipal corporations it is squandering thousands of dollars in unnecessary or wasteful or corrupt channels while pursuing a cheese-paring policy that has already caused the suicide of two of its officials. The old man who preferred death to the reduction of his salary by a third after forty years of service was doubtless foolish to do as he did. If his family were unable to live on \$600 a year, how much worse off will they be now, with the grey-haired breadwinner forever stilled, and the disgrace which the world accords to the suicide as their only legacy. The poor old man might have submitted to the reduction, for half a loaf is better than none at all, but he could scarcely have hoped at his age to ever be better off in his old place or to face the world over again and find some new employment. There are some who will think it was cowardly for him to take his life and leave the solution of the problem to loved ones. But how many of us can confidently assert that under similar circumstances we should not be tempted to do likewise? It is a fearful thing to face old age with the spectre of want in the background, and to feel oneself humiliated by the certainty that one is an encumbrance, no longer able to earn what the employer has been accustomed to pay. The moral of the Montreal case is that, no matter how modest an income may be, a portion should be regularly put aside for the proverbial rainy day, especially if a man happens to be dependent on a soulless corporation for the wherewithal to exist.

NO more surprising statement has been made in the series of truly fearful and wonderful press despatches to which we have been submitted since the Queen's death, than the one that Her Majesty regularly paid taxes on her private income. The statement has been repeated more than once, and seems to be accepted as correct. Nobody can suppose for an instant that this was anything but a voluntary act on the part of the head of the State. If it is true that the Queen was an income-taxpayer and that the regular succession duties will be paid on her private estate, her course throws into strong and disagreeable contrast the attitude of the churches and their clergy, who, with scarcely an exception, are more than willing to take full advantage of the favored position they occupy under the law. Now that the preachers are talking so much about the beloved Queen's example, suppose they follow up their words with deeds and pay their taxes like common citizens, as she did.

WITH the great tax which is being placed upon the people and which they must accept without a murmur, for the care of the unfortunate, it is satisfactory to know that the deaf and dumb are not increasing in number, and that the blind are decreasing in this province. We are assured by the report that the attention paid to the eyes of the children of Ontario is reducing the number of those who have to be educated and cared for at public expense. Almost every doctor has some knowledge at least of the causes and effects of bodily ailments which the eyes demonstrate. Every village has its doctor, and the makers of spectacles and eye-glasses find market for the goods everywhere. Just why the eyes and teeth and voices of the children of to-day should need so much attention is inexplicable. In the past, probably the ailments of the children have been unattended to, and now we have problems which should have been solved long ago. With regard to insanity and all the troubles which afflict the masses, we are probably paying for centuries of inattention. That we are beginning to find the end of these terrible disorders is certainly a gratifying sense that there is a conclusion to everything.

Dr. Osler, in writing of the medical developments of the century, pointed out that disease and death have been so far brought under control that the terrible agonies of the past have been dispensed with. There are terrible and racked pains which must come to those who are afflicted with certain diseases, but medicine has so far developed that the indescribable agonies have been dispensed with. Science has discovered means of making sickness and death a controllable quantity. People must die, of course, but they can die painlessly. People must be



THE QUEEN'S LAST RESTING PLACE AT FROGMORE.

eyes of the world, as to appear to be mendicants or the willing recipients of charity which we do not need.

MONSIEUR DELPIT, whose ecclesiastical separation from his wife, annulling the marriage, has created so much excitement amongst the Protestants of Quebec, has at last declared himself, and I must confess that my sympathies go out to him. At the time the matter was under discussion I suggested that it would probably be found that there was another side to the question. It is infrequent, indeed, that we find a question with only one side to it, and I ventured the remark that in the lives of the people concerned there was probably an issue into which the public should not enter. Having been browbeaten by the press and the Protestant associations in Ontario and Quebec, M. Delpit has reluctantly published a letter which lets some light on this unfortunate affair. Looking at the whole question aside from such prejudice as we naturally feel against ecclesiastical law overriding civil proceedings, we must recognize that M. Delpit has his friends and his arguments, otherwise he would not have been sustained so long in his position as secretary of the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec and a leader in the social functions which have for their patrons those who are esteemed the godly and well-behaved people of the neighboring province.

M. Delpit tells us that his wife was a shrew, that his children were abused, that he brought his mother and father and sisters from old France to take care of the neglected children. He robs us at once of our feeling that he was trying to do an evil thing to the children who had been born to him. We find him the nurse and the ministering angel, and, on the other hand, we discover the wife as the tempestuous and person opposed to any such happiness as a man naturally hopes for matrimonially. He appears to have told his story only under compulsion, and as his wife was desirous of divorce we can easily see that the Catholic impulse of M. Delpit inclined him to wards an annulment of the marriage because his religion forbids divorce. It seems, on a careful scrutiny of the facts, that he has no aim except to separate himself from a woman who every day created for him unhappiness. Without doubt he has cared for his children, and, as he points out, their legitimacy is not imperiled by a putative marriage.

We who live in Ontario and have very distinct ideas with regard to what is right, might quite well divest ourselves ofordinate concern with regard to M. Delpit and his family. The agitation may prove beneficial in settling a question which has been open. The settlement of this question, however, cannot be facilitated by the extraordinary violence of religious conventions which pronounce for the woman without regard to the facts. The man Delpit has a right to follow the law as he finds it, and if he finds the procedure easier to annul the marriage than to arrange a divorce, he has a perfect right to his contention. Many a time has the vexen in a domestic dispute received the endorsement of those who think they understand. In his letter M. Delpit points out that his children are protected. As we learn the facts of the case we find he is

China. Every press despatch, every voice which comes from the Orient, tells the same story of such conduct on the part of the supposed Christian troops as must neutralize, if not destroy, all Christian endeavor that has ever been made in China. I do not say it because I am anxious to defend the position which was so violently assailed, yet nowhere have we found an excuse for the political assertiveness of the Christian missionary in China. The selfishness and aggressiveness of missionaries who have seized important buildings and have refused the military and hospital authorities lodgment, though the latter came to their rescue, are so badly and atrociously un-Christian that these incidents have found no apologists anywhere. The true story of Chinese revolt against the missionaries is gradually being told. It is evident that these particular and peculiar people have not the slightest prejudice in the world against Christianity. They are willing to learn any religion, and, moreover, it has been established that they have practised principles which may be as easily classified as Christian, as Confucian. The whole source of irritation has been the domineering and intolerant spirit of those who sought not only to extend Christianity, but to establish for themselves a sphere of government opposed to the Chinese ideas and ambitions, and likely to lead to the intrusion and prevalence of foreigners and their commerce. Nothing has been more clearly demonstrated in any war or controversy than that China has made no fanatical religious outcry. The whole basis of the trouble has been commercial and with regard to the permanence of government and the retention of China for the Chinese. As we exclude Chinamen, we certainly should have had sufficient regard for the decencies of life to permit the Chinese to exclude foreigners when those foreigners, under the guise of religion, have seemed at least to be working the destruction of the Chinese Empire. We can hardly fail to sympathize with those millions of people who toil like ants and think of nothing but the duties of the day and the graves of their forebears, when they resent the incoming of missionaries who swagger about as the mandarins of the Chinese towns dare not do, denouncing the religion which has lasted in the Mongolian Empire since many centuries before Christ was born. Probably if for a moment we placed ourselves on the same plane with these that we consider misguided people, we would find ourselves touched to the quick by the incoming of those who scorned not only local prejudices, but race ideas and a deeply revered religion, in their attempts to change the people with the most ancient history on record from what is naturally theirs to what a few enthusiastic and probably unhappily equipped missionaries considered a better thing. I think that with the Chinese I have a right to remind the readers of this page that there are places into which no one should intrude. I am not fond of the yellow men of the Orient, and I do not consider that their business is my business, but having received such bitter castigation at the outset of this unfortunate affair, I think I have the privilege of calling attention to the fact that I was not mistaken in my position. Those who were so cheerful in figuratively fastening me to the whipping-post are now silent and have dis-

sick, of course, but the agonies of their sickness can be reduced to a minimum. And so the world rolls into the new century with a sublime confidence that medicine, inaccurate as the science may be, can at least relieve us from the horrible torments of dissolution. This much, at least, is a very great gain upon the slow gait of the past, which ordained that every man must die with all the horrors inflicted upon him of diseased nature and the spasms of pain which come to him as his share.

A GRAND kick is being made by the newspapers against the policy of the Pan-American Exhibition managers to spend all their advertising money in circulars and private appeals to localities, while paying not a cent to the newspapers which have made the possibility of the Exhibition a success. The attitude of this paper with regard to the Tin-Pan exhibition in Buffalo has always been the same. It is a scheme for the benefit of Buffalo, and may, in the general course of events, do some good to other localities. Had I been Premier of the province or the Dominion, I should have expended nothing for the benefit of Buffalo, which has never been anything but a pestiferous enemy of Canada. If the newspapers of this country are wise they will keep absolutely silent with regard to the tin horn game that is being played over the border. There is no reason why Canada should contribute a dollar or a single spectator to the show which is being run by speculators for the benefit of a city which has been the chief exponent of the general Yankee notion that Canada is a thing to be squeezed like a lemon and thrown aside. We asked for a Dominion exhibition in Toronto as an offset to the Tin-Pan show in Buffalo. The proposition was a business one as far as Canada was concerned, but we got nothing. The Provincial and Dominion authorities have some money to spend on Buffalo, but they have nothing to spend on Toronto. I think the exhibition is not one that is calculated to enlarge the Canadian heart. Perhaps those who are spending the money on Buffalo instead of Toronto can defend their administration, but it does not seem to me defensible.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE," which seems from month to month to become a little duller than it was before, has an interesting article in its editorial department regarding the beautifying of schoolhouses. Those of us who can remember the old fight between the rate-bill and the free school will have some idea of how slowly the old community took hold of the idea that the education of the child, no matter whose child it was, was a part of the public duty. We are confronted with a less complex and a much more inexpensive proposition when we are called upon to decide whether we shall make the schoolhouse, which is really the nest in which the young citizen is hatched, as beautiful as it ought to be. A sense of beauty and appreciation of lovely things, a desire to be surrounded by beautiful objects, should be cultivated in every Canadian child. Without doubt the easiest way to divest ourselves of coarseness, bad taste, and the improper and debasing companions which an undeveloped appetite for the beautiful creates, is to surround the babyhood of our citizenship with everything that can possibly develop the best side of it. Certainly this is not being done by the barrack-like schoolhouses in the country districts. The bare walls and the blackboards of the city schools are not supplying what unfortunately so many of the homes of the children lack. Even if we can give them nothing better than chromos and reproductions of works of art, the wall of every school should be warm with color, the eye of every child should be full of beautiful figures and the dreams of painters and poets. Life will be just that much more beautiful to each child who learns that art does not consist of making filthy chalk marks on the walls and fences, on the sidewalks and telegraph posts. If you fill the infant mind with beautiful things there will be a great chance of crowding out the indecent and objectionable features which develop themselves to the eye of every adult who passes the vacant walls and glances occasionally at the sidewalk where a boy with a piece of chalk declares his mind to be unoccupied with proper things. We prize much about teaching morals to the boys and girls. The best way to teach them is through pictures; the best way to get at them is to hang the pictures on the walls of the schoolrooms where they spend their little lives while their characters are forming. It would cost but a trifle to decorate every schoolroom in Canada with reproductions of the finest pictures in the world. How can we hope to produce artists and lovely, high-minded people, whether they be girls or boys, if we do not offer them something to look at beside the blackboard and the teacher, who from term to term disappears, either hated or loved as the chance may be. An extra expense of fifty or a hundred dollars would make the schoolhouse pretty instead of a little four-cornered shack, yet farmers in convention assembled think this hundred dollars an extravagance. It is not an extravagance; it is a small subscription to make the mind of the child larger and more beautiful. No ornament can be put on the country schoolhouse or the city schoolhouse which is not an ornament in the mind of the child. Our crass materialism, our avoidance of doing the right thing, is being reproduced in the baby that stands at our knee. If we lack beauty of character, the adornment of the mind, we must blame ourselves that we do not furnish the beautiful things which beautify character.

HATRED as a motive passion has almost disappeared from our literature. It is unsafe for a dramatist or novelist to make any character in his drama or story hate in the old-fashioned way. This must mean that Christ's gentle mission of love has overcome, even in the godless plays and stories of the time, that at one time tremendous factor, personal hate. This is a great accomplishment for Christianity, and one for which we should all be thankful. If we could only believe that personal loves were as strong now as they were when personal hates were prevalent, we would have still further reason for congratulation. I am not old, yet I can remember when hate was as strong an influence as could possibly move families, clans and communities. I had the good or bad fortune to live amongst people who loved and hated with equal violence. Love was an unaffected passion, and the hate which grew out of the narrowness and bitterness and cursedness of small lives was an element which could never be disregarded. I can remember the days very well when barns were not safe from burning nor cattle from being killed, and when human lives were not held sacred when a feud or some imaginary insult had to be expiated. I would gladly divest myself of the strong instincts of revenge which were then inculcated in every youth. I do not imagine that I ever perfectly learned the golden rule, and I fear that until the day I die I will never recognize its full meaning, but there was in that somewhat tempestuous past a sensation of being right and being willing to perish for what one thought was the proper thing, which I shall never despise.

The old days have been crowded into the past by rules which forbid many perhaps crude and cruel methods of settling personal differences, and we may have a new era of love, which is much preferable, and is indeed much safer, but I am not quite convinced that human nature can be educated to love strongly and not hate at all. We seem to be growing into a milk-and-water period where we calculate all our likes and dislikes so accurately that the self-interest of everyone can be easily reckoned by their devotion either to a cause or a person. It is no doubt better that it is so, yet there are times when one, looking about for one's friends and seeing them all so devoted to self-interest, fears that we have become so neutral that neither love nor hate can control us beyond the arithmetical calculation of what will profit us. What will profit us no man can calculate with exactness, for if we lose our individuality and so dilute all our tendencies that nothing but the weakened potion is ever offered to the lips of our loves or our neighbors, the worth of being alive is lost.

Hatred is now used in literature only as a motive power

amongst the ignorant, those sequestered from civilization, and those who are fanatical in their devotion to something which only history can make us acquainted with. Love is the chime which the bells all ring, and which the lives of the majority make ridiculous. Love, as described in romances and as preached in the pulpits, is a beautiful thing, but it is not fully lived. Our laws are so arranged, as are our behavior and our donations, that the unfortunate, the criminal, and those unable to take care of themselves must be provided for. Yet it is still a question whether the lovingkindness of the individual or communal heart has been enlarged; indeed, it is a very serious question whether, so much responsibility having been removed from the individual, the sordidness and secretiveness of the soul have not been increased. Each man and each woman knows how the other man and the other woman live, and conjointly they contrive to make it seem that the others have but little right to so gentle an existence as they seem to enjoy. Nobody can afford to hate, because it is vulgar. We profess a liking for everybody; we all engage in the general amusement of helping everybody along whose progress we cannot stop. Just where the old-fashioned hatred has gone, and how it has been disseminated, and how it hampers the progress and interferes with the happiness of others, every dear reader can judge for himself. I am afraid it is all here. The wisest cannot but suspect that it has taken new forms instead of ranking boldly in the breasts of those who once fought their battles without care for the loss of limb or life. Nothing, we are told, disappears from nature. Everything is conserved; everything which appears to disappear is given out in some other fashion, and I cannot but believe that the human family still retains in a different form that disregard for human life and happiness which once made the family and communal feuds a thing which had to be reckoned with in all the intervals between birth, marriage, and death.

Social and Personal.

HE Royal Grenadiers will furnish the guard of honor next Wednesday for His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor at the opening of Parliament. There has been much questioning as to whether the last Assembly of the three usually given by this popular regiment should follow the fate of its fellow last season, and be given up altogether. This, it appears to me, will quite depend upon the date of the expiration of the season of military mourning. I have been told that this will probably last until the third week in April, not at all too late in the post-Lenten season for a very successful Assembly. In view of the many interests which must unavoidably suffer by reason of the wholesale cancelling of big social functions, it is hoped by many public-spirited people that the last Assembly may yet be held after Easter.

Lieutenant W. H. Nelles, who died of fever at Bloemfontein on Wednesday, was a soldier in Canada as well as in South Africa. He served in the rebellion of 1885, and was a graduate of R. M. College, Kingston. Lieutenant Nelles was an engineer, and volunteered for Strathcona's Horse, afterwards receiving a commission in the Com-



THE LATE LIEUT. NELLES.

mander-in-Chief's Body Guard. The picture of this brave young soldier will interest many of our readers, as his family connection is very large in Ontario, and held in high esteem.

The latest order in regard to military mourning has reduced the former order to a simple band of crape on the left arm, which is to be "en regle" at the military church parade this afternoon.

Immense interest and discussion have been evoked even in this far-off though patriotic suburb of the Empire, over all the small points in connection with an observance of the interment day of our dead Queen-Empress. What music should be played at the parade exercised the colonels and bandmasters not a little, all wishing to have music suggestive of the tremendous feeling stirred in every soldier's heart by the sad service, and selections being desired which would add materially to the impressiveness of the hour.

Mr. Thomas Davies some time ago purchased a new residence, No. 56 Wellesley street, and Mr. and Mrs. Davies and their sons are now nicely settled in their fine home. Mrs. Davies will receive on the first and third Mondays, beginning with next Monday.

The postponed dance to be given by the High Park Golf Club will be held on St. Valentine's night.

The memorial meeting of the Woman's Musical Club on Thursday morning was one of the most earnest and interesting expressions of the feeling which predominates all others just now. The members came in black gowns, the room was beautifully arranged and draped, a portrait of the late Queen being prominent, wreathed with festoons of mourning. The programmes were printed in royal purple. Only four artists took part—Miss Florence Marshall, who played a Beethoven Sonata, Op. 7, the Largo; Mr. David Ross, who sang a group of touching songs set by Liza Lehmann, from Tennyson's "In Memoriam"; Miss Hilda Boulton, who played the Handel Largo from Xerxes, breathing profound feeling in every note; and Miss Lulu Craig, who sang most beautifully, "I Know that my Redeemer Liveth." Mrs. Sanford Evans was in the chair, and expressed the gratitude of the one hundred and fifty persons present to Miss Grace Boulton, who arranged the memorial meeting, mentioning as a special thought the wonderful goodness of the late Queen to the musical profession, and her love of the divine art. Among those present were Dr. Scadding, Mrs. Scadding, Mrs. A. Burritt, Mrs. Leighton McCarthy, the Misses Brock, Thom, Heaven, Street, P. Smith, Pearson, Graham, and Miss Campbell of Carbrook.

Lieutenant Taylor, of the Second Mounted Rifles, arrived in town from South Africa on Thursday. Miss Agnes Nairn has been visiting in Montreal. Rev. Fred G. Plummer has been a victim of gripe. Mr. Beverley Fauquier,

of Sault Ste. Marie, is visiting his aunt, Miss Muttlebury, 77 Grenville street. Miss Helen Macdonald, daughter of Dr. A. A. Macdonald, is spending some time in Montreal and Quebec. Miss Bowie, of Brockville, is visiting Mrs. Robert Myles. Miss Bucke, of New Orleans, has returned home, taking with her her lovely young friend, and hostess, Miss Ethel Matthews, of St. George street. Miss Bucke has made a long visit in Toronto and many friends.

Bright and happy words come from Vancouver, from Mrs. Ivan Senkler, who is enjoying her new home very much.

Mr. Alan Sullivan was down on a short business trip from Rat Portage this week.

Mrs. W. J. Wagner, 19 Gerrard street east, receives on the first and second Mondays.

There were well-laid plans among the doughty Argonauts for a fine ball later in the season, which have been laid aside owing to the national bereavement. The many friends of the Argonauts know that their hospitality would only give way to some greater obligation, and hope at some later time to enjoy it.

Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones, of Llawhaden, will leave for Ottawa on Tuesday, to be present at the opening of the Dominion Parliament. Senator Melvin-Jones will take his seat on the floor of the Senate Chamber, where the opening ceremonies are held next Wednesday afternoon.

The Sembrich concert has been finally arranged for Saturday evening next, February 9. It was Madame Sembrich's own desire to make the change. In the absence of all social functions the fashionable world will find relief in elevating and impressive music. While the Sembrich Opera Company is on tour Mrs. C. L. Graff (our charming Toronto) has been in town with her mother. Mr. Graff is the director of this brilliant musical organization.

Miss Houston, who has been staying with Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Houston for several weeks, has returned to her home at Niagara Falls.

Latest advices from England say that Mrs. Lally McCarthy is gradually improving, and that Mr. McCarthy and she will sail in a week or two.

Colonel Evans is a much-welcomed visitor in town, and is being quietly entertained by his many old friends.

Miss Mabel Morrison, of Spadina avenue, gives a progressive on next Wednesday evening. Miss Violet Langmuir is visiting her sister, Mrs. Porter, in Buffalo. The weather has been ideal this week for driving, but the smart set have been so loyal that I have not heard of the driving parade which would have otherwise smartened up the afternoon hours to-day.

The foreign Consuls in uniform are to attend the memorial service in St. James' Cathedral this morning, on the invitation of the rector and churchwardens.

A number of dinners were given last week. Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, of Dunedin, gave a couple. Justice and Mrs. MacMahon also gave two dinners. The dinner which was to have been given by Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, but was postponed until after the week of mourning, will take place next Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Strathy gave a couple of dinners, one on Friday of last week and the second on last Monday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark had their young folks' dinner last week.

The engagement of Miss Jean Hedley, of Nelson, B.C., formerly of Toronto, and Dr. Harold Senior, a prominent and successful physician of Rossland, is announced. Miss Hedley's many Toronto friends are glad to send her every good wish for the future.

Lieutenant James Elmsley, who has been invalided home, has arrived in England, where his mother, Mrs. Elmsley, was awaiting him. Needless to say, his family here are delighted with the good news, and so are all their friends.

About the middle of February, a cantata entitled "Neptune's Cave" is to be presented by the young people of St. Anne's church, in St. Andrew's Hall. The cantata is the composition of Professor G. F. Davidson, of Trinity College, aided by another clever Trinity man. The plot includes Neptune, Britannia and her daughters, the water babies, sea fairies and sailor girls, shrimp and oysters. There isn't a lobster at all, except in one of the juvenile choruses. One of the acts takes place at the bottom of the sea. The second act is on H.M.S. Delay, crossing the equator, which Neptune and his attendants visit in the usual style. The third scene is in Neptune's cave, where Neptune has invited the captain, crew and passengers of the ship to visit. The captain falls in love with a mermaid, who is released by the fairies from a spell, her tail drops off, and she turns out to be a mortal and marries the captain. The cantata ends with a grand chorus of Rule Britannia. About sixty young people are taking part, and the music, dances and songs are very catchy.

Professor Davidson, of Trinity, is recovering from an attack of grippe. Miss Justina Harrison is convalescing after quite a serious attack of grippe, which confined her to bed for ten days. Mrs. Campbell Macdonald has been quite seriously ill for some time, and is now better. Mr. W. R. Riddell was sitting up on Thursday, and is now quite better after his severe illness.

The Author to the Editor.

(A Printed Circular to be Sent on the Return of a Manuscript.)

The author regrets the editor's inability to appreciate a Truly Good Thing.

The rejection of a manuscript, however, does not necessarily imply that the editor is lacking in merit, merely that he is lacking in judgment.

As many thousand manuscripts are returned to him annually, the author cannot enter into correspondence with each editor personally concerning the deficiencies of his taste. Nor can the author give his reasons for considering the editor blind to the best interests of the magazine.

Because, as an editor, he does not meet the present requirements of the author does not argue that he would not be successful elsewhere—in some other position. He might make an excellent dry goods clerk or an entirely satisfactory coal stoker.

(Signed) THE AUTHOR (per Himself).

—Roselle Mercier, in "Life."

A Curious Fact.

It is strange remarks New York "Town Topics," that the three great ages of English history should be named after women—the Elizabethan, the Queen Anne, and the Victorian ages. France alone of the Continental countries has an age—Le Siecle de Louis XIV.

Horrible!

"An idiot knows," said Rex the Riddler, "that the real reason the Boers sleep with their boots on is that they want to keep De Wet from defeat. But can you tell me this? Why cannot a deaf and dumb man tickle nine women? You'll never guess it. Give it up? Well, a deaf and dumb man can't tickle nine women because he can only gesticulate. See?"

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Social and Personal.

MRS. W. J. WAGNER gave a very successful masquerade at her residence in Gerrard street on Friday, January 25, for the coming out of her daughter, Ette, and her niece, Miss Leoni von Pirch of Berlin, who is spending the winter here. The costumes were gay and handsome. One of the many original characters was "The Glam's Baby," personated by Mrs. (Captain) Heron. Mrs. Emilie Boeckh as a gypsy was gorgeous, and Mr. Paul Hahn and his sister Anna made a very charming Faust and Marguerite. Among those present were Mrs. Von Pirch, Mr. and Mrs. Roherer de la Sabliere, Captain Heron, Mr. and Mrs. Heintzman and the Misses Heintzman, Herr Nerlich, Mr. and Mrs. McColl, Miss Ina Fenwick, Dr. Rose, Dr. Powell, Dr. Coutts, Miss Dolly Jacobi, the Misses Kay, Mr. and Mrs. Cable and Miss Edith Cable, Miss Annie Petrie, the Misses Sheppard, Dr. McKenzie, Miss Dodie Boeckh, Dr. Carter, the Misses Wright, Mr. D. E. Kilgour, Mr. Walter Adams, Mr. and Mrs. King, Misses Currie, Dr. Curry, and a great many others. The music was furnished by D'Alessandro's orchestra, and altogether it was one of the most enjoyable events of the season.

Mrs. Gunther and Mrs. J. B. Laidlaw have changed their reception day from Thursday to Friday, and will not receive again until Friday, February 8.

Mr. Will G. Reilly of Ottawa, late of Toronto, was married a few days ago in the latter city to Miss A. L. Stewart, daughter of Mr. Mathew Stewart of the Toronto branch of the Assistant Receiver-General's Department. Mr. and Mrs. Reilly have taken up residence in Ottawa.

Miss Mattie and Miss Ella Winnett of Beverley street are visiting their sister, Mrs. Clements, in Cortland, N.Y., and before returning will visit friends in Baltimore.

A marriage has been arranged between Miss Winnie Macdonald of "Oaklands," and Dr. Barrie, who has lately returned from South Africa.

Lieut. Emmitt Clarke of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, Ottawa, left for Stanley Barracks, Toronto, on Thursday to take a cavalry qualifying course of instruction.

Mr. E. B. Oster, M.P., has been appointed president of the Dominion Bank, as successor to the late Sir Frank Smith; and Mr. W. D. Matthews succeeds Mr. Oster as vice-president. The vacancy in the directorate has been filled by the appointment of Mr. J. J. Foy, K.C.

Mrs. Gwynne of Dundas is visiting her mother, Mrs. Osler of Wellesley street. The many friends of Mrs. E. St. George Baldwin of St. George street are glad to hear of her convalescence after a severe attack of grippe. Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith of Sherbourne street have gone south for the remainder of the winter. Mrs. Hunter and Miss Blanche Hunter are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Robert Grant of Earl street.

In speaking of the Prentiss-Rockefeller wedding, a witness writes me: "The bride looked really charming and radiantly happy; it is a decided love-match. Her dress was of ivory white satin, very plainly made, high neck and long sleeves, the waist trimmed with old rose point; the magnificent veil of point lace was fastened with a pearl and diamond brooch, the bridegroom's wedding gift. She wore her pearls (the same as Mrs. McCormick's) with a pearl-shaped pearl pendant, her mother's gift; such a pearl! Her father's present on it is perfect. Her father's present in a brown stone mansion in 53rd street, just back of the family residence, and they are going to have a private path cut through the fences. The bouquet was lily of the valley and white orchids. It was a very pretty wedding and very simple. Mrs. Rockefeller wore a beautiful cream cloth, very handsomely embroidered and appliqued in cream, and diamond ornaments. The house was beautifully decorated. The portiere had been taken down, and there were curtains of asparagus fern caught back with white roses and lilies of the valley all through it. The drawing-room was a mass of lilies of the valley and white roses, and the mantelpiece a bank of pinky orchids. The Moorish room at the back of the drawing-room was exquisite, the coloring of the room perfect, and it had grand palms, and the fireplace and mantel full of poinsettia, with its brilliant scarlet flowers. The hall was full of beautiful palms and ferns and plants, and in every part were huge bunches of American Beauties. It was like Fairyland, and the perfume was exquisite. The gas was lighted, and under soft-tinted globes. The effect was lovely. The bride and groom stood on the stairs under a canopy of white roses, lilies of the valley and ferns, and a large bell of white flowers, with a

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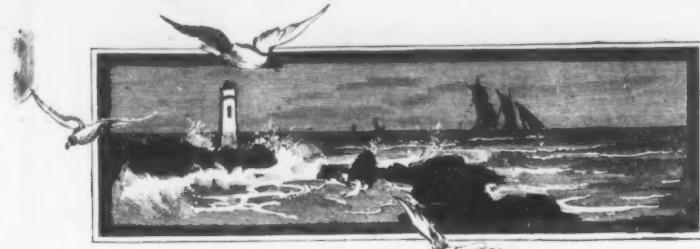
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Blackbeard and the Emperor.

BY JOE LINCOLN.

"**U**ELL, well!" I exclaimed, "this is a wail from boyhood days. Where on earth did you get it? It looks as natural as life."

And so it did. The leaves were just as dog-eared and thumb-marked; the curious old pictures of Captain Kidd and his fellow craftsmen were just as rough and wooden; the title looked just as murderous and inviting. To judge by appearances, it might have been the identical copy over whose gory pages I had galed while hidden in the haymow, far from Aunt Jane's intolerant eye. I was surprised, and with good reason. One doesn't expect to find "The Pirate's Own Book" on the shelf of a U.S. Life-Saving Station.

"Ho, ho!" laughed Captain Hedge. "Better not read that. That's a dangerous book ter read; ain't it, Calvin? It's Calvin's book, and he'll tell yer it's a dangerous one."

Calvin Ellis, who had just come in from beach duty and was drying his boots at the stove, chuckled quietly.

"Yus," he said. "I've seen a good deal er harm come of readin' that book. I keep it as a souvenier of my meetin' with Blackbeard."

"Blackbeard the pirate?" I exclaimed.

"The same."

"Get out!" I cried, scenting a joke. "Blackbeard was killed over a hundred and fifty years ago."

"Can't help it; I had my turn-up with him, 'bout ten years ago, and he was as lively a corpse as ever I want ter strike, and so was Napoleon Bonaparte, fer that matter," said Calvin chuckled again.

"Now, see here, Ellis," said I, "you may as well tell the story first as last. You know I'll give you no rest until you do."

"That's right, Cal," said Captain Hedge, "he's sharper after a yarn than old man Yokum was after a drink, and they say he used ter go inter Doc Bailey's 'pharmacy' and drink the alcohol out er the cigar lighter."

"Well, here goes, then," said Calvin. "Tain't much after ye've heard it. It happened, as I said, 'bout ten years ago, when I was helpin' Uncle Strabo tend the light on Pawgonkit Island. Pawgonkit's the middle one them three islands on the bay side of the Cape, at the entrance ter Wellmouth Harbor. The one nearest the mainland is Coot Island, then comes Pawgonkit, and further out is Tautog Island. There's a light on Pawgonkit 'cause the ship channel runs 'twixt it and Tautog."

"Uncle Strabo was my stepmother's brother. His folks come from up Hyannis way some'res. He used ter be as smart a sea cap'n as ever trod a plank, but he got sunstruck one time over'n the Java Sea, and it sorter on-settled his brain. He was reel looney fer a spell, but he got over it all right, and come back home and settled down ter farmin'. But he wasn't much good as a farmer, so when old Ziby Peters, who kept the Pawgonkit light, wrote and asked him ter take the job of assistant light-keeper, he was glad enough ter take it. He helped Peters for twelve years, and when the old man died the Gov'ment folks give Strabo the place. That was when he sent for me."

"I'd been fishin' up ter the Banks that summer, owned a share in the schooner, and thought I was doin' well. But one er them confounded liners chawed up the schooner and the share, and party nigh chawed me up along with 'em, so I come home poorer 'n poverty. Uncle Strabo heard of my hard luck and wrote fer me ter come down and help him; said I'd get board and clothes and a little more out of it, so down I went."

"I lived for two years on that island, and it was a queer two years. The place is just a bare sand heap, and the square red brick light, and the light-keeper's house and the wooden out-buildin's are the only things on it. Twas lonesome as all git out, and as monotonous as a graveyard—that is, all but the last two days. I had nobody ter talk to but Uncle Strabo, and nawthin' ter do but tend the light and keep things lookin' neat. All the sport we had was shootin' at a mark with an old Springfield rifle. Strabo was a dandy shot with it. I've seen him kill a wild goose on the wing. Once in a while, in the summer, a boatload of city boarders would come over, but mainly the only craft that come nigh us was the supply steamer. Every week one of us would take the cat-boat and go over ter Wellmouth fer the mail, and ter buy books and papers, 'cause Uncle Strabo was a great reader."

"The second summer I was there, Dr. Boongate hired Tautog Island and turned it inter an insane asylum. You've heard of Boongate. His ads used ter fill all the papers. 'Boongate's Balm,' and 'Boongate's Bitters,' and 'Boongate's Bluebell Balsam.' That year he was advertisin' 'Boongate's Fresh Air Cure for the Insane.' His claim was that the way ter cure loonies was ter take 'em wher it was peaceful and quiet, and give 'em lots of good, fresh air. So he hired the old hotel on Tautog, fenced off everything with thick, heavy wire fences, put up a sign that yer could read two miles out ter sea. 'Boongate's Sanitarium,' and turned his crazy folks loose ter graze. Every day, and sometimes twice a day, weather permittin', we'd see the steam launch goin' up ter Wellmouth and comin' back with some poor cracked critter, goin' ter sit his fill of fresh air and quiet. Well, there was plenty of both on Tautog Island, but, by gosh! that's all there was."

"I hadn't been with Uncle Strabo more'n two months 'fore I see that the effects of his sunstroke hadn't all left him."

"He'd take queer notions inter his head and do lots of silly things. As I said, he was always readin', and when he read anything that particklar interested him, he'd git all full of it, as yer might say, and talk about havin' thin' else fer weeks ter come. One time the papers had a lot ter tell 'bout some prophet up in Canada, who had figgered out that a comet was goin' ter hit the earth and knock it galley west. Well, sir, Strabo jest got his board and lodgin' off that comet. He'd argue and preach about it ter me, and when I got tired of hearin' him, he'd argue and preach ter himself."

"One day I found him, all dressed up in gunny bags, settin' in the ash heap. Said the world was comin' ter an end, and he was repentin' his sins in sackcloth and ashes. He was a great, broad-shouldered man, with long, fiery red whiskers—not a gray hair, though he was sixty—and anything more ridiculous than him perched on that ash pile I never see."

"He kept on takin' one notion after another. One time, jest after Boongate started his asylum, he come ter me in the middle er the night and said he thought 'twas our duty ter go over ter Tautog Island and rescue them crazy folks. Said they was kept behind fences like cattle."

"'Yus,' says I, 'and the upshot of your goin' would be that there'd be another lunatic behind the fences. You go back ter bed,' says I, 'that's where you go.'

"Well, he went ter bed and never said no more about it, for his mind just then begun ter be took up with a new subject. We had had our first summer batch of boarders down that day, ter giggle and ask foot questions, and one of 'em had left a paper novel called 'Treasure Island.' It's a story 'bout pirates, and the best yarn ever I struck. If I could write a book like that, I wouldn't swap jobs with no one."

"Strabo jest went wild over that book. Read it and read it and read it. All he could talk was pirates. Now the pirates in the story was a mighty mean gang, but, somehow, he seemed ter glory in 'em. Next thing I knew he come home from Wellmouth in the catboat with a big package."

"What d'yer think that is?" says me, tickled as a child. "Pirate books! pirate books!"

"Seems he'd sent up ter Boston and asked the publishin' folks ter send him all the books 'bout pirates that they had. And they'd sent a heap. He reg'larly swum in 'em. Read 'em aloud and read 'em ter himself. Talked about 'em mornin', noon and night. I kin'der worried. He didn't seem ter git over this streak same as he'd done the others, and I didn't like the look in his eyes."

"Next time he come back from the village he brought that thing there—'The Pirate's Own Book.' He'd been talkin' pirates ter the fellers up at the store, and one of 'em had rummaged it out of the attic and give it ter him. I thought he'd acted bad enough over the other books, but, land o' Goshen! 'twasn't nawthin' ter the way he raved about this one. He learned it by heart, and used ter tell me about 'scuttlin', and walkin' the plank,' and such cheerful things, while we was eatin' dinner. His lips would twitch and his eyes shine like they was lit up from inside. I got scared 'speculiar as he says ter me one day:

"'Cal, you'n me oughter be pirates. Oughter be what?' I roared.

"'Pirates, gentlemen of fortune. Blackbeard was one yer can read about him in this book. He had a chest full of gold, and wore his whiskers all done up in little braids—all

Puffed Up.**But She Got Over It.**

It sometimes takes nerve to quit a habit even after it is plain that the habit is ruining the health.

A little woman who was sick from coffee-poisoning (and there are thousands like her) writes: "I had become almost a coffee fiend, drinking it at each meal; then afterward I was so nervous and weak that I would drink more coffee. I was a great sufferer with stomach and heart trouble.

"Everything I ate distressed me. There would be great puffs beneath my eyes, and my hands and feet were terribly swollen. I was reduced to 108 pounds, and was really slowly dying."

"A gentleman talked seriously to his husband and myself about my giving up coffee and using Postum Food Coffee. He convinced me, from his own and others' experiences, that probably coffee was the cause of my trouble, so we tried Postum, but at first it seemed so flat and tasteless that I was almost discouraged. However, I looked at the directions on the package and found I had not been boiling it long enough, so I followed the directions exactly and had a clear rich beverage, with a strong ring of good coffee, and very delicious taste."

"I began to sleep better, and was not quite so nervous, my stomach and heart trouble slowly disappeared, and, of course, as I was getting well I stuck to Postum, and that was easy, because it tasted so good. Now after a year's using I can truly say I never felt better in my life; have no trouble whatever with my stomach, sleep well, eat well, and weigh 127 lbs. My nervous headaches have all disappeared. I feel like telling everybody that is ill to try leaving on coffee and use Postum Food Coffee, for it will surely work a cure." Mrs. Ella Kehl, Salinas, Calif.

I tied up in little braids," he says, "finerin' his own beard and laffin' silly as a coot."

"Strabo Doane," says I, "ain't yer ashamed of yourself? A man as old as you talkin' like that. Suppose the Gov'ment folks heard yer. Where'd you be? Lookin' fer a job, that's where ye'd be. If I hear any more such silly nonsense I'll report yer."

"Well, talkin' ter him like that seemed ter bring him ter his senses. He turned red and acted like a whipped schoolboy. He was rational enough all the rest er that day. All the same, I made up my mind that when the supply boat come I'd tell 'em that he wasn't fit ter be light-

keeper no longer.

"But he kept as sane as the next feller for days ter come. Never mentioned pirates, and seemed so like he used ter be that I thought the fit was over. Fer see, he'd been so kind ter me that I hated ter lose him his job unless I was absolutely necessary, so, he bein' so rational, I said Nawthin' when the boat arrived. He talked with the Gov'ment men sensible as anybody, so they never noticed anything the matter.

"That night, talkin' after supper, I was settin' in the dinin' room, smokin' my pipe and waitin' fer lightin' up time. Strabo had gone out ter feed the chickens and had been gone quite a spell. I heard him come in at the kitchen door, but I didn't look up until he spoke ter me. Then I turned around to see him. Great Caesar, wa'n't he a sight!

"He had on a big soft felt hat that he used ter wear on board ship. It was pulled down over his eyes and had rooster feathers stuck in the band. His red whiskers was all braided inter little pigtail. He had a belt on, with the shinglin' hatchet and a big fish knife stuck in it, and he carried the Springfield in his hands. I knew in a minute what was the matter. He'd gone crazy as a loon.

"Strabo Doane," I says, "what in thunder—"

"'Tm Blackbeard the pirate,' says he, pointin' ter his whiskers.

"'You're Strabo Doane, the dumb fool,' says I, and I went fer him. But, land! I was a baby's sailor him. He stepped ter one side, reached out one of his big fists, and I thought that Canadian prophet's comet had hit me. Next I knew, he had me cut cr the house and was openin' the door of the light.

"'You go in there,' says he, pitchin' me inside, and stay there till it's time ter walk the plank. I'm Blackbeard the pirate, with my whiskers all tied up in little braids.' And he banged the door, and I heard the key turn in the lock.

"I laid still for a few minutes, sort er gatherin' my wits together, as yer might say. Pawgonkit Lighthouse is bric, says I, and I went fer him. But, land! I was a baby's sailor him. He stepped ter one side, reached out one of his big fists, and I thought that Canadian prophet's comet had hit me. Next I knew, he had me cut cr the house and was openin' the door of the light.

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Curious Bits of News.

The Pharaohs kept story-tellers in permanent employ, whose duty it was to invent new stories, fairy tales, and tales of adventure as improbable as possible. We moderns now possess twenty such stories, found in the course of excavations made during the last ten years. There will be one long, for modern readers, a voluminous Egyptian literature of romance. Of the twenty novels already published, most belong to the interval 2000 to 1000 B.C.

Fluctuations of public interest in reports from the seat of war in South Africa are shown by the reports of newspaper sales. The chairman of the company publishing the "Evening News," a half-penny London paper, recently stated that on the relief of Ladysmith 96,440 copies of the "News" were sold. On the capture of Spion Kop 630,315 papers were disposed of. On the following day, when Spion Kop was abandoned, the sale dropped to 54,696. Cronje's surrender was responsible for 835,569.

An electric time alarm which has been patented lately is directly connected to the bed. Underneath the bed is a series of contact-points, the weight of the person forcing them together. A clock is used in connection with the apparatus, and as soon as the hour of rising is indicated the remaining break in the wire is closed, the current passing through the contact-points underneath the bed and causing the bell to ring continuously until the sleeper, by leaving the bed, breaks the circuit. Should he lie down again the circuit is again completed, and the bell rings until the second ringing.—"Electricity," New York.

In the course of a recent lecture at the Royal Institution, London, Sir Robert Ball referred to Nikola Tesla's statement that he had received a message from Mars. Whether there were beings in Mars capable of sending intelligent messages to us, Sir Robert could not say, but he gave some idea of the kind of signal that we should have to send in order that it might be observed by the Martians. A flag the size of Ireland would be required and a gigantic flagstaff would be necessary, and even then the signal would only be visible as a tiny speck.

The ethics of kissing in public recently came up for discussion before an Odessa court. The culprits were two young men and a couple of young ladies, who kissed one another while dining at a fashionable restaurant. The judge described their conduct as "shameless behavior in a public place," and sentenced them to a considerable term of imprisonment. They appealed to a higher court, their counsel endeavoring to show that kissing is not a shameless act, but an entirely permissible expression of one's feelings. The court, however, disagreed on this delicate point, and the decision of the lower court was confirmed.

The ingenuity of the inventor is amazing. The latest in the field is a Miss Ellen E. Tyndale, whose invention certainly fills a gap, though it may be doubted whether it will be really practicable. It is meant to check the false fire alarmist, who can at present play his abominable practical joke with impunity, and it takes the form of an automatic alarm post which not only rings up the fire station, but also grasps the wrist of the alarmist with a steel bracelet, blows a police whistle, and presents the man with a shilling for his trouble. The prisoner can be released by the policeman, and the authenticity of his alarm can thus be verified. The invention would hardly, perhaps, meet with general appreciation.

The real value of the discovery about salt's action on the heart, said to have been made by a couple of professors of Chicago University, is now stated to be that in cases of great loss of blood by disease or injury, normal salt solution as a restorative will save life, even when ninety per cent. of the blood has been lost. The experiments, which have extended over a period of six months, have, according to the physicians, made practicable a new system of bleeding, and substitution of salt solutions for persons suffering from pneumonia, typhoid, malarial fevers, peritonitis, acute and chronic Bright's disease, and all heart affections resulting from the last-named complaint. The professors never claimed that they had discovered the elixir of life, as reported in the yellow press.

In the Hands of the Police.

Smith's Falls Chief Constable Arrests an Enemy.

Peace After a Hard Fight—Robert J. McGowan Captures and Forever Ends the Career of the Only Fox He Ever Feared.

Smith's Falls, Ont., Jan. 28.—(Special)—Robert J. McGowan, the popular chief of police, has been for a long time annoyed and seriously handicapped in the performance of his duties by rheumatism and gout. A friend suggested Dodd's Kidney Pills as a remedy. He tried them, and was cured. To-day he is well as ever. He has given the following for publication:

Smith's Falls, Ont.
Dodds Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Gentlemen—I was recommended to take Dodd's Kidney Pills for rheumatism and gout, from which I was a great sufferer. The pills seemed just to fit my case.

I had been under the care of two eminent and skilled medical practitioners, and I have tried no end of patent medicines, but the first relief came with the first box of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

I certainly recommend them to all who suffer as I used to from rheumatism or gout. I am now perfectly well. If it will be of any service to you, you are at liberty to use my name and testimonial.

ROBERT J. MCGOWAN,
Chief of Police.

Mr. McGowan's popularity will make the above story one of interest to many people in his neighborhood, and the province generally. What he has done anyone may do with the same means—Dodd's Kidney Pills. They never fail.

Bismarck's Letters to His Wife.

STUNG by the false or partial views of his father ("the man of blood and iron"), that have been presented in some recent biographies, and impelled by filial piety, Prince Herbert Bismarck has published, without a word of comment, with scarce a line of preface, the most intimate correspondence of the father of united Germany for history and the world to judge between his "slanderous self" and him.

These letters were not written for the world at large to read. Yet they have been frankly given to the world by the dead statesman's son, and fill a bulky volume, which is now stirring the interest of every student of German history. There has, we are assured, been no nice discrimination, no timorous reservations. There is no reason to doubt it. For good or evil, the letters reveal the man as those nearest to him knew him.

"I am not all iron," Bismarck is said to have cried out when he heard of the sufferings of the women and children in beleaguered Paris. And from the review of the now-published family letters, by P. H. Oakley Williams in the London "Daily Mail," one can readily believe that under Bismarck's cold, merciless exterior there beat a heart full of love and tenderness.

In a budget that contains over 500

It was a critical time. The King's relations with his people were strained almost to the breaking point. To the harassed monarch between surrender of his Royal rights and abdication ("to let Fritz see what he can make of it") there seemed no alternative, saving a Bismarck Ministry. For months the Royal will vacillated.

In the meanwhile, Bismarck was kept trotting from pillar to post to find out if there was not an Embassy, into which he could be fitted, vacant. The separation from his wife and family lured him more than did the uncompromising indecision of his Royal Master. He was glad it was not to be London, for "his angel" would never have been comfortable in the dingy Legation in Grosvenor square, with its little "dog's kennel of a bathroom." St. Petersburg would have been terribly cold for the children, and Paris—home life in Paris seemed impossible. At length the reluctant King, driven to make a choice, nominated Bismarck to the Presidency. It was the fulfillment of his ambition, and he gave it utterance in a short note. The separation was over.

"My heart, please come now. On Tuesday we prologue, please. God, wire me the time of your arrival from Coalin, so that I can meet you. . . . Your v. B. Come at once, my angel." Here and there the letters contain graphic pen-and-ink sketches of great scenes. A few hurried notes written in the saddle during the war of 1866

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prises in every chapter. That the ter of an Irish father and a Welsh mother.

Mr. Robert Shields of Toronto, who published recently a volume of "Travels," has had many flattering orders for the book from prominent people in this and other lands. The Premier of Ontario writes: "I bespeak for your book a wide circulation, and I hope the generous sentiment which you have expressed and the literary form which you seem to cultivate, will be reflected in the character and language of our people."

A Good Idea.

A correspondent suggests, in the present crisis, that we should send out our coal-owners as horses to the front, because just as they are such fine-chargers!—"Pick-Me-Up."

By Charles G. D. Roberts

The Heart of the Ancient Wood

"One of the most fascinating novels of recent days."—Boston Herald.

"It is unlike Kipling. It is unlike Seton-Thompson. It is better than either in several respects."—Brooklyn Eagle.

"This is not a fanciful story with talking beasts, but is an actual romance, with a bear, a girl and a hunter as the chief personages. The narrative is very fresh and charming. The story itself is exceptionally sweet."—Buffalo Courier.

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PRINCE HERBERT BISMARCK,
Who has published his father's private letters.

letters of varying length, and covering a period of well-nigh half a century, says Mr. Oakley Williams, the writer deals only incidentally with his public life. There were, it seems, matters that touched him more nearly. "I made a speech last night," he writes often enough, "but you can read all about that in the newspapers; I want to know how you all are at home. How is Marie's cold, and did the camomile pills for Herbert reach you safely? It was worrying me all last night." This at a time when history was in the making, or during a week when the fate of a dynasty was most uncomfortably near the master.

Letters from the great days of 1870-71 are rare; the bulk of them have so far, unfortunately, not come to light. One contains a fine account of the surrender of Sedan, and the other, a hurried note to Prince Herbert, has a characteristic postscript:

"If either of you should be wounded, wire to me at Royal headquarters as soon as may be. But don't wire to your mother first."

To spare the woman he loved pain was ever the first thought of the man, even while with a hand that never faltered he let slip the dogs of wars. To encompass his country's greatness he shrank from no sacrifice; yet to put an old dog out of its pain troubled him for many days.

Within circumscribed limits it is impossible to illustrate fully the many unsuspected traits these letters reveal—the writer's intense attachment to the home of his forefathers; his delight in and keen sympathy for the beauties of nature; his deep, genuine, religious feeling, and his high code of honor in all his dealings with his neighbors; his robust sense of humor, added to a rare command of virile language, shading at times, more especially in his earlier letters, into almost poetic imagery and fantastic conceits.

Books and Their Makers.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS' new book, *The Heart of the Ancient Wood*, is meeting with the highest approval of literary critics. The cover is artistic and in keeping with the beautiful story—a "woodsey" green background, with the figure of a bear (who is one of the heroes of the story, as well as of the forest), showing against a lonely lake, surrounded by wildwood.

Israel Zangwill is unsurpassed as a delineator of Jewish character, and in his more recent novels, dealing with English life of the present day, he displays the same mastery of style. The Mantle of Elijah is English to the core, and has aroused great attention both in England and America. Three editions have been issued in the United States within a few weeks. Its keynote is the peace principles of the Manchester school, and considering this fact, to win the plaudits of a press which is daily chronicling deeds of arms in South Africa is an achievement of some note for the author. Unpopular as many of his views may be, his presentation of them commends their consideration.

A King's Pawn suggests an histori-

La Grippe...

Against which there is no better remedy known to the medical profession than

VIN MARIANI

H. LIBERMANN, M.D., Surgeon-in-Chief, French Army, writes in an article on "La Grippe":

"VIN MARIANI was the Tonic absolutely relied upon in 'La Grippe' epidemic in France, and had frequent deserved mention in the Medical Press."

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

VOL. 14.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 2, 1901.

No. 12.

The Drama

NO duller week than the past one has been recorded in Toronto since the commencement of the theatrical season. But there has been at least one topic for discussion and speculation amongst the play-loving public—the deal announced last week by which Messrs. Small and Starr of the Toronto Opera House have acquired the Grand for next season, and Messrs. Sheppard and Whitney are to convert the Princess into a high-priced theater. I did not say anything last week about the change, although fully informed as to the particulars, because the information came to me from a private source, and I had given my word—which I hope is as good as a bond—to respect the confidence. However, the daily papers came out with the whole story as soon as they "got next" to it, and now the public are congratulating themselves that there is to be competition between two first-class houses in Toronto, with the apparently probable result of better attractions and a greater effort on the part of managers and officials to court favor. I think the conclusions that are being drawn by press and people are unwarranted. Nobody who understands how the Theatrical Trust manages things, imagines for a minute that it is going to buck up against itself in a city of this size by booking high-priced attractions for two houses. Toronto is not the best amusement town by a long shot, and it is doubtful, to say the least, if more than one high-class theater can be supported here. This being the case, the Trust will book good attractions for but one house, and that house will be the one that stands closest to the general interests of the Syndicate. Now Mr. C. J. Whitney is in close association with the latter, and its big three, At. Hayman, Klav and Erlanger, are the present directors of the Princess, of which Mr. Whitney has the lease, and which Mr. Sheppard is to manage for him next year. Outside the Syndicate there are only three number one companies on the road—Minnie Madder Fiske, Henrietta Crofton, and Richard Mansfield, who, though on good terms with the Trust, is strong enough to play where he pleases. Where, then, is a second high-priced theater to get its bookings? The same experiment was tried in Montreal. The Academy of Music got all the good shows and Her Majesty's, a much finer house, was dark more than half the time. This spelled ruin for the lessees of the latter, and the outcome was that Her Majesty's was converted into a stock theater. It will be odd if the Grand eventually becomes the center for the operations of stock companies, while the Princess, hitherto devoted to that class of show, takes the place now occupied by the Grand.

* * *

However this deal may turn out, it is rough on the Valentines. These good people had looked forward to spending many seasons in Toronto. The first year of a new stock company is always experimental, and in the nature of an advertisement for future seasons. Just as the Valentines are getting nicely under way, they find themselves without a house to play in. The deal is also hard on a certain class of theater-goers, who can afford to pay the very moderate prices charged at a stock company's box office, but not those demanded at even a popular-priced circuit theater.

* * *

At the White Horse Inn is being given at the Grand the latter half of this week.

There will be no performance at the Princess this afternoon, an extra matinee being given on Friday instead. The house will be open Saturday night as usual.

* * *

The reproduction of Leo the Royal Cadet at the Pavilion, Horticultural Gardens, has been postponed on account of the national bereavement to Friday and Saturday, February 15 and 16.

* * *

Miss Ida Hawley, a Toronto girl who has gained distinction on the comic opera stage, is this season one of the principals in The Burgomaster company, and will be seen in that musical comedy here shortly.

* * *

Mr. Will Park, the manager of Daly's The Runaway Girl, is in the city visiting his parents. The tour of the company is still in progress, and in a couple of weeks Mr. Park will rejoin the organization and start for the Pacific coast.

* * *

The merry musical comedy, The Burgomaster, announced for the Grand the week after next, is described as a comedy in two acts and a prologue. The scenic display has had minute attention from the artists, whose efforts depict panoramic pictures of New Amsterdam, now New York, from the year 1660 until the present day. The New Amsterdam scene claims historical precision; it shows New Amsterdam in the days when Peter Stuyvesant was Governor. Dutch architecture has been copied and the old "stadt" house, or official residence, is reproduced. When the English came into possession the building was styled "White Hall," and the Whitehall street of modern New York starts from where it stood, and although most of the costumes worn in this act were designed for up-to-date originality and beauty, still many of them have been copied from very old and rare paintings hung on the walls of the Union League Club of Chicago.

* * *

The Hoop of Gold, a stirring old school melodrama, will be the attraction at the Princess for the week commencing Monday evening. The play is of the same order as The Silver King, which was produced by the Valentine Company several weeks ago with brilliant success. The scenes are laid in England, and the story is told with the requisite triumph of virtue and downfall of villainy that always forms such a welcome denouement with lovers of melodrama. There are numerous strong characters in the play, so that each member of the Valentine Company will have a suitable role, and the scenic production will be distinguished by that same care in the arrangement of the scenes that has won such an enviable reputation for the Valentine Company. Special interest will be centered in the presentation of The Hoop of Gold for the reason that Robert Evans, who has been out of the cast for the past four weeks, will make his re-appearance in an important role, as will Mr. De Witt Jennings, a very well known actor who has joined the Valentine forces and will make his debut in Toronto Monday night. Souvenirs of Mr. Evans will be the special attraction for the opening performance, and in view of his great popularity an extra large supply has been ordered.

* * *

There will be no performance at the Princess this afternoon, an extra matinee being given on Friday instead. The house will be open Saturday night as usual.

* * *

Humpty Dumpty, a familiar pantomime, is billed for the Toronto next week.

* * *

All the theaters will forego the usual Saturday matinee on account of the general mourning on that day, when the Queen's remains will be laid in their last resting place.

* * *

At Shea's Theater next week, Camille D'Arville will be the head liner. Miss D'Arville is considered one of the best drawing cards in vaudeville. Her voice is said to be stronger and better to-day than at any time in her career. Miss D'Arville was married recently and has decided to retire from the stage permanently. She would not play here now, only to fulfil a contract signed more than a year ago. Goldin, the illusionist, assisted by Jean Francioli & Co., will present what is described as one of the greatest magic acts ever put on the stage. Isabel Urquhart & Co. will present a one-act sketch entitled Even Stephen. The remainder of the bill includes Harry C. Stanley, assisted by Doris Wilson, in a laughable musical sketch, Before the Ball; Clarice Vance, the Southern singer; the Three Westons, in a musical act; Field and Ward, and one or two other good acts.

LANCE.

Notes From the Capital.

THE exterior of the Parliament Buildings is draped with black, and every here and there a white crown above the well known letters "V. R." stands out against a black background. Inside the central block there is unusual bustle, for during the coming week Parliament opens. An army of charwomen have been cleaning and polishing. In the lobbies and corridors the carpets are spread. A peep through the doors into the Senate Chamber revealed that handsome room free from its unlovely coverings of grey linen, and once more resplendent in scarlet. It is, however, likely to be draped in black for the official function which takes place there next Thursday. It will not be at all the Opening of Parliament as we know it, but only the necessary formalities of most of its glory. Ladies have been invited, and no doubt a number will be there, but they must come dressed in black. Most ladies are waiting to hear whether



For many centuries the majestic chief residence of English Sovereigns. It dates back to the early Saxon Kings, but was added to by William the Conqueror, Henry III., Edward III. and succeeding monarchs. It is the most imposing royal residence in the world. The mausoleum at Frogmore, pictured on our front page, is within sight of the castle.

The Countess of Minto intends being present, but she has not yet announced what she intends doing.

Cheshire. Lady Minto was at the exhibit, and several pictures marked "sold" had been bought by her. Mr. Moss taught painting to Ladies Eileen and Ruby Elliot.

Madame Goodhue, who for the past two years has been living in Paris, is the guest of Mr. Justice and Madame Lavergne. She is a sister of Madame Lavergne.

The end of this week Sir Adolphe Caron leaves for Florida. He will spend some weeks there, accompanied by his son, Mr. A. P. Caron. Lady Caron and Miss Caron are at present with Sir Adolphe at the Place Viger in Montreal, but will return to Ottawa for the weeks that he remains in the South.

Lady Laurier and the wives of the Cabinet Ministers are not receiving this week on their days, and are all wearing deep mourning. Their example has been followed by most of the prominent society women, as well as many others, and in the streets one meets few women who are not dressed in black.

The session this year had promised to be an exceedingly gay one, and any number of visitors were expected in the Capital. Now all is changed, and the dressmakers are busy making black gowns.

AMARYLLIS.

"She Noddit to Me."

A correspondent sends a copy of the little poem "She Noddit to Me," which was published about sixteen years ago in the Aberdeen "Journal." This poem pleased the Queen so much that she ordered a copy of the northern paper to be sent to her regularly.

I'm but an auld body livin' up in Deeside,
In a twa-room'd bit hoosie wi' a toofa' beside.
Wi' my coo and my grumpy I'm as happy's a bee,
But I'm far prudder noo, since she noddit to me!

I'm nae sae far past wi't—I'm gie trig and hail—
Can plant twa-three tawties, an' look after my kail;
Till last week the time o' her veest cam' roon'.
Gin by luck shie might notice, and nod oot to me!

But I've aye been unlucky, and the blinds were aye doon.
The protestant church wi' the organ, the organ, the organ,
An' the Queen laudit fu' kindly an' noddit to me!

My son sleeps in Egypt—it's nae eese to freit—
An' maybe she kent o't when she noddit to me!
She may feel for my sorrow—she's a mither, ye see—
An' maybe she kent o't when she noddit to me!

Consistent Falsehood.

Two old ladies of the same age had the same desire to keep the real number concealed; one, therefore, used upon New Year's day to go to the other and say: "Madam, I am come to know how old we are to be this year?"



"PARISIAN STREET SINGERS" AT SHEA'S.

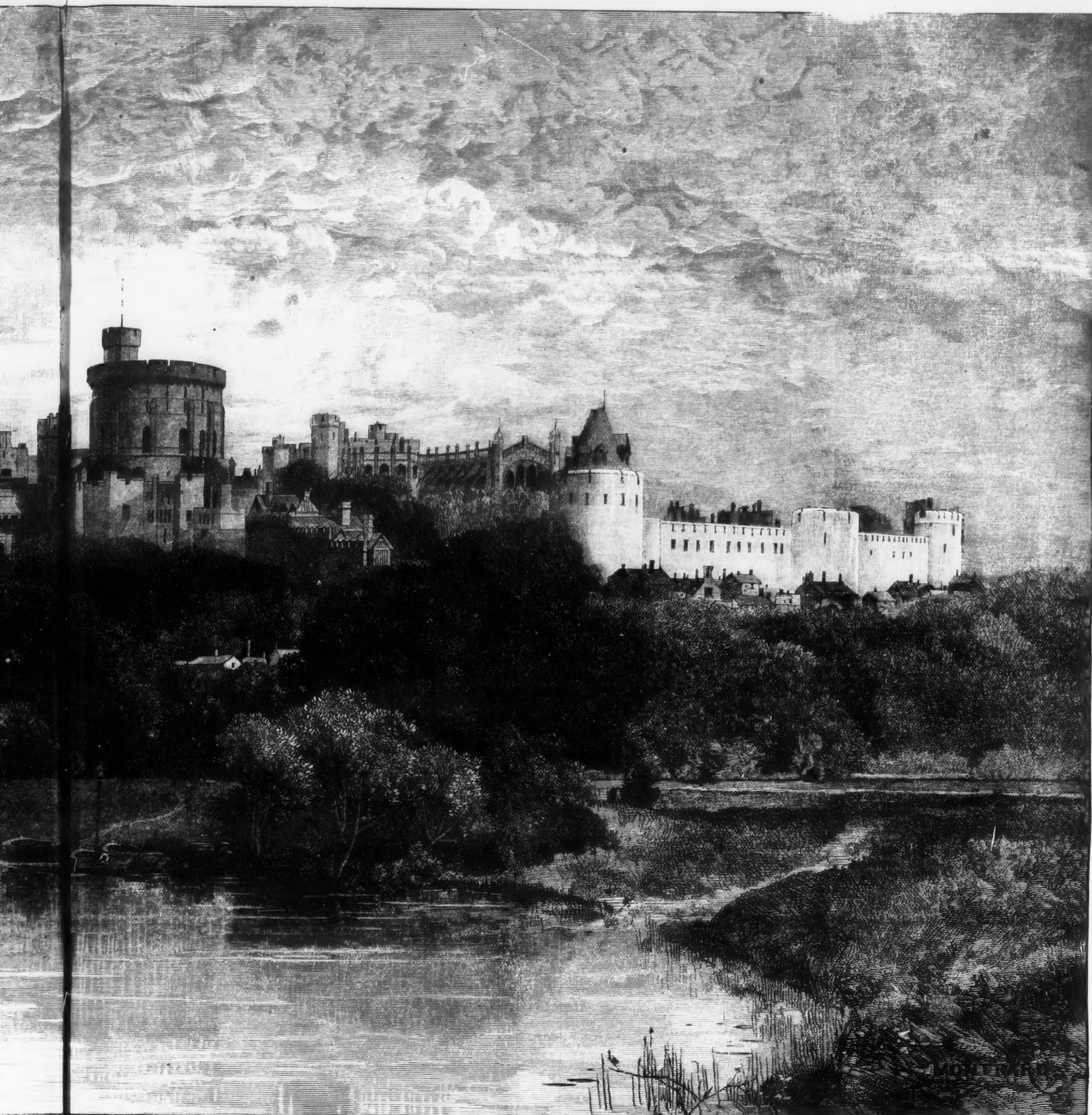
Company gave a laughable farce comedy of considerable merit. This sketch was above the usual thing of its kind, and the extraordinary complications were at times very amusing. An extremely ludicrous figure was the man-of-all-jobs, a character always much in evidence in country hotels, and his ridiculous attitudes and general style were uproariously funny. Charles Moreland and Minnie Thompson gave a very pretty singing and dancing turn. Mazur and Mazette, as the tramp and the brakeman, developed into a pair of comedy acrobats of the first rank. Each of the other numbers was novel and interesting, and in fact the whole bill from beginning to end was unusually good from almost any standpoint.

and for after when it may exist on account of good utility, as never we all elements never seen.

There are occasional outbreaks of Artistic other movements unschooled in the uplifting influences. Far more is this of brush to see habit, the of the many of ter-built large ceteral things, for one's contact. February by Mr. Art Schaeffer.

Some "details, draw attention with the things the mind.

Of course



WINDSOR CASTLE.

An International Collection of Architectural Gems.



THE ennobling influence of good architecture is something that is only commencing to be popularly understood on this side of old Atlantic—except by those who have been privileged to travel. Hitherto our building has been governed mainly by utility. And this is only natural, for the efforts of man are always directed first and foremost to the providing for his physical wants. Only after these have been attended to moderately well, and when material has been amassed on which his imagination may exercise itself, does he commence to spend his energy on adornment and elaboration. Now, it is of the essence of good architecture to add grandeur and beauty unto utility. Grandeur and beauty are to-day being striven for as never before in the designing of the edifices in which we all-too-prosaic North Americans find shelter from the elements, whilst we slave like ants at the tasks that are never done in this modern, money-grubbing time.

These grave and perhaps perfectly obvious reflections are occasioned by the exhibition of the Toronto Architectural Eighteen Club at the gallery of the Ontario Society of Artists. I wandered into that quiet upper room the other morning, not prepared to see anything in which my unshoed taste could take special delight. But I had not been there five minutes before I commenced to feel the uplifting influence of the hundreds of beautiful "elevations" and "details" with which the walls are covered. Far more interesting and more beautiful, it seems to me, is this exhibition of the work of architects, than any show of brush-work on canvas or card we have been accustomed to see in this familiar haunt of artistic souls. The exhibit, though largely local, includes the Circuit Exhibition of the Architectural League of America—which means many of the best things that have been done by the "master-builders" of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other large centers. It is such a gathering together of good things, however, as cannot be described. One must see it for one's self, and let its beauty react on the mind at first contact. The exhibition is free, and will be open till February 9th. Two lectures are to be given in connection by Mr. Albert Kelsey, of Philadelphia—the first for the Art School on Monday evening next, and the second for architects on Tuesday evening—both at eight o'clock.

Some of the most beautiful exhibits are amongst the "details." The larger studies and "elevations" naturally draw attention at first, but it is only when one has finished with these and commences to observe the less obtrusive things that a true appreciation of the exhibition dawns on the mind.

Of course there will be many people to scoff at all modern architecture, on the ground that it has failed to produce any true school and draws its inspiration from the

past, when the various orders of building sprang into existence as the spontaneous expression of man's imagination. These people will be satisfied with nothing that was not built at least as far back as the Renaissance. The same people can find no good in present-day painting, sculpture, music, or literature. They are fetish-worshippers, and their fetish is antiquity. But the architect of to-day has as great a mission as his brothers had in any past time, if he will but think so. More particularly is this the case in America. We have as yet few really noble buildings on this new soil. But it remains to fill the cities of the New World with enduring piles that shall be to future generations as true an inspiration as the cathedrals and castles of the old world are to the generations of to-day.

LANCE.

About Poetry.

SINCE the Queen's death everybody in Canada seems to be turning poet. One or two good pieces of verse have been produced, the best being probably that of Franklin Gadsby, entitled "The Queen Passes," in "The Daily Star" of January 23rd. Nearly all the other so-called poems on the Queen's death that we have seen were horrible rubbish, and ought to have been kept exclusively for kindling fires. Perhaps there might be three or four exceptions to this statement.

Talking of poetry, how is this for a red-hot lyric? It was sent to "Saturday Night" by its author in all seriousness, and is not an unfair sample of the stuff that causes editors to resort to the flowing bowl:

Oh who can say Friends they have got or Friend that will Prove true For I thought I had all the Friends But

A Shooting Trip.
"Pall Mall Magazine."

"Got the grub, Sandy?"
"Ay, two loaves and seven bottles of whisky—"
"Gude Lord, mon! What will ye be doing wi' all that bread?"

I have None But you But you are tried and faithfull Found and you are all to Me But they Would take our children and make them vile as they But all is Well that ends well and all is right that's true But are there eney right Love excepting Me and you. But when the right time comes Love our Friends will flock Like Birds. But We will not be in the Nest Love We will have changed our abode We Will have flown away Love away Whare Roses grow away to the canary Islands away to the Southern Seas Love to Whare the Bananas grow to where the Birds mate all year Love and Whare thare is No Snow No Ice to cool our Love Dear No Show to Slip our feet. But We Will not be Like the others Love We Will Not Live to Eat Eat Eat But We Will Eat to Live Love and our children will go with us and and We Will have a Heaven Love with Us Us Us.

Should I See this in the Next Issue of "Saturday Night" I Will Send you another. But If Not I Will know you have had enough of My Love Story.

[By all means send more.—Editor.]

A Modern Martyr.

A WOMAN lost consciousness in a dry goods store in Washington recently, and was carried to Emergency Hospital. Looking for means of identifying the woman, the nurse came across a visiting card in her shopping bag, on which were the following memoranda:

"Chloride of lime; 1 spool pale blue sewing silk; 2 nursing bottles; shoes for Clarence; Jevon's Logic; garden hose; board meeting 11 o'clock; market; telephone caterer dinner Saturday; dressmaker's; church."

The first words the victim spoke were an apology for having collapsed. She was certain it was an indication of want of will power, for she was a firm convert to the notion that mind has supreme control over any matter that might seem to the uninitiated, reason for a woman's strength failing. She insisted, moreover, that she must get up and go back to her shopping where she had left it off. The chloride of lime was needed in the cellar at once. If the spool of blue silk was not at the house by one o'clock the sewing girl would not be able to finish Margaret's dress for the party that afternoon. Clarence must have his shoes for the same occasion, and if baby did not get his new bottles, nurse would probably feed him from a sour one, and that would undoubtedly mean death. All the marketing was yet to be ordered. If she did not keep the appointment with the dressmaker, she would not have her new dress for the little dinner she was giving on Saturday, of which the caterer had not yet been informed. Besides, she had gone on a civic board in order not to lose touch with the larger duties of life outside her home, and she was studying logic so that her mind should not grow rusty through the autumn, and she did, therefore, want not to miss her meeting or fail to get to the book-store before it closed that day. She had meant to drop into church a few minutes, too, before going home; the restfulness of just sitting there a bit she had found was a great good to her soul. But she could let that go till

another day, if the nurse and doctors really thought she was doing too much. The nurse and doctors found opposition useless, and as soon as the poor woman was able to draw a deep breath, out she went again to finish her self-inflicted task.

The doctor, at the suggestion of the nurse, corrected the entry he had made on the hospital books. He recorded:

"General collapse; cause, too much conscience and not enough common sense."

In the course of a paper the doctor has read since before the medical society, he recited this case as melancholy evidence of the direction in which some good women of the day are tending.—"Harper's Bazar."

The Perfect Woman.

IV.

HER FIGURE.

GIVEN a perfect head of hair, eloquent eyes and a beautiful mouth, a woman may be utterly spoiled and "demodee" by an angular, awkward or obese shape. Her neck may be an inch too short or too long, her shoulders an inch too high or too narrow, and the lovely effect of her upper structure is quite imperilled. In fact, while her face is only a power on three sides, her figure is impressive from every point of view—therefore do many critics decide that if a choice were to be presented between a charming face and a perfect figure as a sole and only attraction, the latter should be preferred. The classic measurements are not possible in the modish garb of the new century, though probably for health and comfort they are the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, and as the perfect woman must conform to the fashion of her time to a certain extent at least, we must renounce big-waisted Venus and her cult, or else give up the two-step. The perfect woman will not wear stiff collars until her neck looks like a duck's paddle, nor tight bodices until her nasal organ blossoms like a rose in June. Freedom of movement, fresh air laving the skin, and plenty of bathing are her three indispensables. Her clothes are loose enough to reflect every grace of her poise and motion, and she is always graceful, because each movement expresses a thought and she considers that fact seriously. Somehow, she wears high collars without appearing throttled, and demi-decollete frocks without looking untidy or half dressed. She insists upon being made comfortable in her clothes, and her dressmaker finally succumbs to her insistence. Her carriage is upright, dignified and queenly, so that a bow from her means a distinct graciousness, and is given deliberately. She is just as distinguished in her bearing at eighty as at eighteen, the art of holding herself buoyantly and well being an inspiring touch that never leaves her. When she walks, the firmness and lightness of her footstep are an attraction in themselves, conveying a notion of dainty power and perfect control of every flexible and active muscle. The perfect woman always walks abroad as an inspiration. When she sits alert, her figure is upheld by strength and will; and when she reclines, there are no ugly cords strained out by an awkward pose. Every curve tells of complete relaxation, and she looks the embodiment of repose.

To return to measurements. The perfect woman is neither very tall nor very short. A happy medium of from five feet five to six inches, or a trifle over in case of a large-boned frame, is her limit. Her neck is soft and white, her shoulders roundly covered with firm flesh and satiny skin. If the gods have been good to her, she has that little round cup, a soft and blessed little hollow, just at the base of her neck in front, and if those gods were generous above the ordinary, she has a dimple on one shoulder. Dimples on cheek or chin become tiresome—always there, obvious, cheap; but a dimple which is only shown on grand occasions, when the woman is in grand toilette and on sort of triumphal progress, is the finishing kiss of Venus to her pet child. The waist of the perfect woman never suggests constriction, so particular is she about the curve of her figure. The wasp waist, which uncultured eyes ogle, is her bete noir. She shuns a lath-like contour as much as a puff-ball effect. Neither vertebra nor rolls of fat ever encounter the gaze of long enduring humanity, when it meets the perfect woman. It is no sin to pad a trifle, if Nature plays a sorry trick, and it's a sacred duty to massage and exercise if adipose matter begins to cloud her perfect outlines, thinks the woman whose perfect figure is her crowning attraction.

Two women of exalted station have been quoted for years as queens over time and trouble in this particular. Elizabeth, late Empress of Austria, who retained till her death the flexible and graceful figure of her early years, and her younger royal friend, the Queen Consort Alexandra of England, who, spite of years and sorrows, is to-day a pretty, graceful, and youthful grandmother. A perfect figure may be ruined in an outre robe, and so this grace should be of distinct advantage in checking the vagaries of the owner in regard to attire. Bunches and sharp points and muddles of laces and flounces cry out upon the sweet grace of well-cared nature; simplicity and elegance go hand in hand upon a perfect form and pose.

Were the general intelligence aroused to train and develop the coming woman into perfection of form and car-



riage, one would never hear the plaintive acknowledgment of the ill-shaped, over-fed, badly put together feminine as she looks longingly upon some graceful gown, "I could never wear that with my figure!" Only one danger sometimes overtakes the owner of a form without a blemish in contour, tint, or pose. She is perhaps tempted to exhibit it too frankly. The moment this is done, the delicacy and charm is destroyed, the bloom is rubbed from the beauty, and a vulgarity begins which no perfection can ever condone. The perfect woman knows her strongest point is her reserve, and though one may glory in her beauty, one always knows its greatest charm is the care with which she guards it from any cheapening by display.

CHEVALIER.

Epitaph Guaranteed.

Philadelphia is going to put up a monument to the man who first discovered it. One of those facetious Yankee papers that never will take anything seriously remarks that other cities will cheerfully contribute to a monument and all funeral expenses for the man who put up the price of the fuel. And an English paper offers to provide a suitable epitaph:

Here lies the man who raised the price of coal.
Rejoice, dear friend; there is no cause to weep.
For he has reached the everlasting goal.
Where fuel is both plentiful and cheap.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

The Biter Bit.

ONE story that George Beauchamp, the English variety actor who died the other day, used to tell illustrates the methods of old-time music hall proprietors before the present Empires and Tivolis sprang up all over England. The old proprietor was frequently a rough and always a jealous person. "Occasionally he was a miser. In Beauchamp's early days he had appeared at a small free-and-easy, or sing-song, called the "Steam Clock," in Birmingham. A proprietor in a neighboring town some years afterwards was approached by Beauchamp for an engagement. The reply was wired: "Yes, you may appear here August; same terms as you received at Steam Clock." This was intended as a facer to the comedian.

But he was equal to the emergency. He telegraphed back: "All right; will accept same terms as received from Steam Clock. Wire confirmation." The greedy proprietor was joyed to think he had made such a bargain, for the salary of a sing-song must be very low. So he sent the required confirmation wire, and the bargain was complete. When the time came for Beauchamp to commence his engagement he found a packed hall. The place was crowded in consequence of the engagement of Dan Leno, who was also appearing. The proprietor met Beauchamp in the saloon. "Fine house," said the comedian. "Yes; very good." "How much money is there in it, do you think?" "About a hundred and fifty," said the proprietor. "That's good," remarked Beauchamp.

The next night a similar conversation occurred. There was a hundred and twenty pounds in the house. On the Wednesday night the proprietor was inclined to be touchy. "Look here," he said, "it's no concern of yours what money is in the house." "Excuse me, but it is," said Beauchamp. "Here's my agreement with the Steam Clock, and I'm on the same terms with you—half gross receipts each night except Friday, when I receive a clear benefit of the entire takings."

Sunday Evening Dress.

Commenting on the Sunday evening dress question for men, "Vogue" says: "It may still safely be said that a man should not go to Sunday evening service in evening clothes, by which are meant a long-tailed coat or a dinner jacket, because, although logically correct, it would be considered bad form, if not a trifle irreverent. . . . It may be that in time this old-time idea will pass away, but as yet it is almost universally adhered to. For all other occasions on Sunday night evening clothes are correct. Large dinners are still rarely given then, and in this country theaters as a rule are closed, and other public amusements not indulged in, but it has become the custom during the past few years, in New York at least, for people to give small informal dinners, either at home or more usually at one of the smart hotels or restaurants, and the man who is asked to such a dinner should, as a rule, wear evening clothes. Common sense might, however, have to determine the matter, for if a man were making a call on Sunday afternoon in a frock or morning coat, and was asked to stay to dinner or to go out to a restaurant to dine, it would be absurd as well as impossible for him to run home and change his clothes. It is also correct to wear full evening dress when making calls on Sunday night, although many men do not do so. After all, a

man must use his judgment, for while the rule of making no distinction as regards evening dress, except for church service, as viewed from the standpoint of society, is undoubtedly the correct one, it is better to be in fact incorrectly dressed than to be thought so, and one must make allowances for the opinions of others. If, for instance, a man were invited to dine or take tea at a house and knew his host or hostess held strict Presbyterian ideas as to the Sabbath day, it might be better not to wear evening clothes. There would be little consolation to be derived from a knowledge of being correctly dressed if one were the sole guest in evening dress, conscious that he was shocking his hosts' ideas of reverence and propriety."

A Mental Reservation.

She was a maid of Southern blood—
With eyes of Northern fire—
And blushing at the altar stood—
To give her troth, and nervously
Repeat words bidden her, and say
That she would cherish, love, obey.

"Love you, my wedded husband! Can
It be, that any one should doubt
My love, or think another man
Could lightly turn my heart about?
Long time mine own, my darling still,
Long have I loved, and ever will!"

"And will I cherish? Will I try
When dark times fall, and gath'ring
Clouds of trouble and perplexity
My dearest one's daily lot enshroud—
Be patient, more, be gentler still,
Thus cherishing? I will! I will!"

"Obey!" The independent North
Within her cried a bristling "No!"
But Southern spirit faltered forth
Complaints indistinct and low—
And mental reservation still—
Attaches to the last "I will!"

H. R. GWYN.

A Pasteurized Razorium.

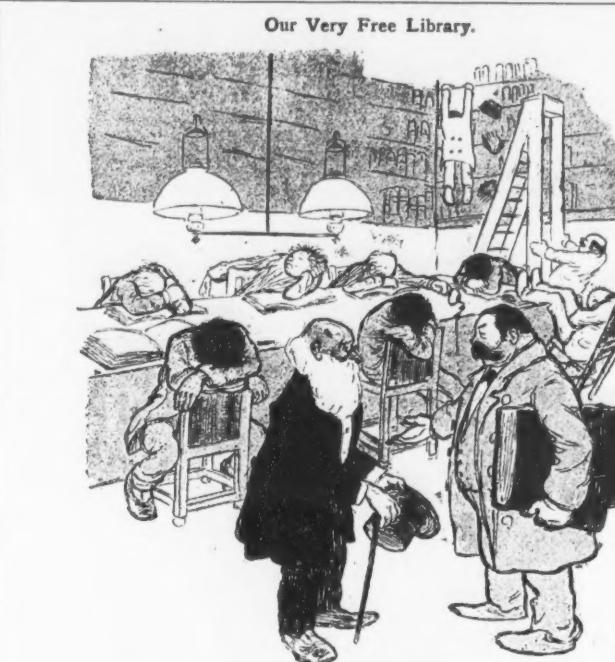
IT was but a few centuries ago that the tonsorial and medical professions were hand in glove as it were. The barber's chairs and the surgeon's operating table were in the same shop. Surgery and barbers were branches of the same profession. But the tendency toward specialization of talents was responsible for their drifting apart, and since the barber began to confine his operations to the head and face, his profession has made but little progress from a scientific standpoint, while that of the surgeon has steadily advanced until there is no longer the semblance of relationship between the two. But the science of barbers is destined to make rapid strides in the twentieth century. It is no longer to suffer from arrested development. The barber is to become a man of parts. He has been a mere loquacious automaton long enough. In some States of the Union a man must pass an examination before a State Board of Examiners before he is permitted to wield the implements of the tonsorial art, and the fact is receiving recognition that there is great room for improvement in the sanitary features of the barber's shop. In the city of Baltimore the science of barbers has already given evidence of advancement.

A Razorium was recently opened there which has been termed a Pasteurized Temple of Barbers.

It contains sixteen "aseptic" chairs,

which are perforated, and the parts

which come into contact with the hands are made of glass. Complete security from contagious diseases is guaranteed by an elaborate code for a sterilized shave. Razors are strapped and sterilized before using. Cups, shaving brushes, hair brushes and combs are sterilized before using. The barber washes his hands in an antiseptic fluid and wipes them on a sterilized towel. He even applies the powder with the end of a sterilized towel, which is not to be redipped in



Elderly Ratepayer—Can you let me have one of the latest novels? Librarian—Very sorry, but you can see for yourself that they're all in use.—"Pick-Me-Up."

the powder after being once used. These are rules which shall in the course of time be adopted in every first-class tonsorial establishment, and when they are, the barbers will find that their patronage has been increased, for then men will have less reason for shaving themselves. In the Baltimore temple are many conveniences and elegancies, such as the chiropodist's and manicurist's departments, glass cabinets for shaving mugs, oval mirrors suspended over each chair, which the artist pulls down to afford you "a complete back view."

The White Plague.

One-sixth of all Deaths Due to Consumption.

ITS Ravages Spare No Class—Rich and Poor Alike Fall Its Victims—How This Dread Trouble May be Prevented.

Consumption has been well named the great white plague. One-sixth of all the deaths occurring in Canada annually are due to the ravages of this terrible disease. Its victims are found among all classes; rich and poor alike succumb to its insidious advance. Only a few years ago the victim of consumption was regarded as incurable, and horror-stricken friends watched the loved one day by day fade away until death came as a merciful release. Now, however, it is known that taken in its earlier stages consumption is curable, and that by a proper care of the blood—keeping it rich, red and pure—those who are predisposed to the disease escape its ravages. Consumption is now classed among the preventable diseases, and those who are pale, easily tired, emaciated, or show any of the numerous symptoms of general debility should at once fortify the system by enriching and purifying the blood—thus strengthening not only the lungs, but all parts of the body.

Among those who have escaped a threatened death from consumption is Mrs. Robert McCracken of Marshville, Ont. Mrs. McCracken gives her experience that it may be of benefit to some other sufferers. She says:

"A few years ago I began to experience a general weakness. My appetite was poor; I was very pale; was troubled with shortness of breath and a smothering feeling in my chest. Besides these symptoms I became very nervous, at times dizzy and faint, and my hands and feet would get as cold as ice. As the trouble progressed I began to lose flesh rapidly, and in a short time was only a shadow of my former self. I had good medical treatment, but did not get relief, and as a harsh cough set in I began to fear that consumption had fastened itself upon me. This was strengthened by a knowledge that several of my ancestors had died of this terrible disease. In this rather deplorable condition I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I at once procured a supply, and had not taken them long when I noted a change for the better. By the time I had taken six or eight boxes I was able to move around the house again, and felt better and stronger in every way. I continued the use of the pills until I had taken a dozen boxes, when all my old-time strength and vigor had returned, and I was as well as ever. During the time I was using the pills my weight increased twenty-six pounds. Several years have since passed, and in that time not a symptom of my former trouble has made itself apparent, so that I think I am safe in saying that my cure is permanent. I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life, and I strongly advise all women to give them a trial."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a tonic and not a purgative medicine. They enrich the blood from the first dose to the last, and thus bring health and strength to every organ in the body. The genuine pills are sold only in boxes with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," printed on the wrapper. If your dealer cannot supply you, send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

What Shall We Eat?

To Keep Healthy and Strong? A healthy appetite and common sense are excellent guides to follow in matters of diet, and a mixed diet of grains, fruits and meats is undoubtedly the best, in spite of the claims made by vegetarians and food cranks generally.

As compared with grains and vegetables, meat furnishes the most nutrient in a highly concentrated form, and is digested and assimilated more quickly than vegetables or grains.

Dr. Julius Remusson on this subject says: Nervous persons, people run down in health and of low vitality should eat plenty of meat. If the digestion is too feeble at first, it may be easily strengthened by the regular use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal. Two of these excellent tablets taken after dinner will digest several thousand grains of meat, eggs, or other animal food in three or four hours, while the malt diastase also contained in Stuart's Tablets cause the perfect digestion of starchy foods, like potatoes, bread, etc., and no matter how weak the stomach may be, no trouble will be experienced if a regular practice is made of using Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, because they supply the pepsin and diastase so necessary to perfect digestion, and any form of indigestion and stomach trouble except cancer of the stomach will be overcome by their daily use.

That large class of people who come under the head of nervous dyspepsia should eat plenty of meat, and insure its complete digestion by the systematic use of a safe, harmless digestive medicine like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, composed of the natural digestive principles, peptones and diastase, which actually perform the work of digestion and give the abused stomach a chance to rest and to furnish the body and brain with the necessary nutriment. Cheap cathartic medicines masquerading under the name of dyspepsia cures are useless for relief or cure of indigestion, because they have absolutely no effect upon the actual digestion of food.

Dyspepsia in all its forms is simply a failure of the stomach to digest food, and the sensible way to solve the riddle and cure the indigestion is to make daily use at meal time of a safe preparation which is endorsed by the medical profession and known to contain active digestive principles, and all this can truly be said of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

All druggists throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain sell them at the uniform price of fifty cents for full treatment.

Tale of a Tipper.

He tipped the porter on the train.
He tipped the waiter when he ate;
He tipped the able-bodied man
Who tossed his satchel through the gate.

He had to tip the chambermaid.
The buttoned bell-boy, too, he tipped
For bringing water that was death.
Thoughtless fool who freely tipped.

He had to tip for sleeping, and
He had to tip for things to eat;
He had to tip to get a chance
To occupy a decent seat.

They made him tip to get the things
He paid enough for at the start.
And every tip was like a nip
Of some sharp-fanged thing at his heart.

And while he tipped they fawned on
him
And stood in smiling groups about.
But when his chance was gone, at last
They turned and coldly tipped him out.
—Chicago "Times-Herald."

Some Odd Love Affairs.

PEOPLE occupying exalted stations, or who have achieved celebrity in some form or other, now and then pass through life without being aware that among their crowd of worshippers was some gifted individual, afterwards as famous, if not quite in the same way. Age, sex, great difference in rank constituted the impassable barrier, and years had to roll by, and death to come, before the raking out and publication of memoirs proclaimed that the admiring ones never told their love to the object of it, but merely confided in persons around, or in pens, ink and paper.

The Brontës adored the great Duke of Wellington. Charles Dickens was desperately smitten with Queen Victoria when that august lady was a spinster—to the extent of affecting to wish that his body could be entombed on the Marble Arch, which once stood at the entrance of Buckingham Palace, so that her Majesty could often drive under it when in town. George Eliot declared that she fell in love with Prince Albert on seeing him one night at the opera. The late Duke of Hamilton was wildly worshipped by Marie Bashkirtseff when she was still a child. Of the above-named celebrities only

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January 1st, 1901.

I am a girl working at a boarding house in this city, and I have had pimples on my face for thirteen years and have tried every remedy I could think of and bear. I tried about five different doctors but none of them could do me any good. I tried some of the specialists in Toronto, but all failed, so seeing Madame La Belle's advertisement in the paper I made up my mind to try Madame La Belle, and she has cured my face completely. The people in the house think that I look ten years younger.

M. BEFOURD, 218 John Street, Toronto.

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salt, found congenial sepulture in the several interiors of the Stirk family."

Magistrate—Villain, can it be true that you stabbed this wretched man fourteen times? Prisoner—That was for his own sake, your honor. I had only stabbed him thirteen times; but I remembered that thirteen is an unlucky number, so I went back and gave him another.—"Pick-Me-Up."

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Music.

ON Sunday last the "grand old man" of Italian music, Giuseppe Verdi, passed away, at the ripe age of eighty-eight years. One may say without fear of successful contradiction that he was the most popular operatic composer of the nineteenth century. Despite the formidable rivalry of Wagner, Gounod and Meyerbeer, he easily distanced these artists in the race for universal favor. Wagner's operas are well known in Germany, and are represented at intervals in the large capitals of the world, whereas there is scarcely an opera house in existence where the best of Verdi's operas have not been produced. Meyerbeer is almost forgotten, and Gounod seems to be remembered on the stage by but one work, namely, *Faust*. In accounting for one of the reasons of Verdi's popularity—and perhaps the principal reason—I cannot do better than quote from an appreciative criticism of his music written by his fellow-countryman, Signor Mazzucato. "If one," says the Signor, "means to give something to another, one must give what that other is able to receive, and give it in the fittest way. And this is what Verdi has done during all his musical career; and his manner of thinking, feeling and living made it quite natural to him. Verdi left much more than he learnt that rhythm, the human voice and brevity were the three

best to have been successful in giving a higher, more truthful and more consistent expression to the dramatic situations, and it is still a question whether he was indebted for his progress in this direction to the influence of Wagner. In *Falstaff* he displayed a lighter vein and a graceful comedy humor, very remarkable at his advanced age. Of his operas composed in his prime Trovatore still retains popular favor, although it has held a permanent place in the opera repertory of the world for nearly fifty years. Despite glaring faults of construction and of inappropriate musical illustration, Trovatore contains some of Verdi's freshest, most striking, melodious and happy musical inspirations. In dramatic effect, the *Miserere* was never surpassed by him. It has compelled praise from hostile critics, and has been the envy of composers who rank higher than Verdi in the estimation of the cultured musical world. Verdi, it is encouraging to know, accumulated a respectable fortune, and to his honor it has remained his poor and unsuccessful brethren of the profession by bequeathing most of it for the foundation and maintenance of a home for aged and needy musicians.

The artists accompanying Madame Albani from England for her tour of Canada commencing next month are Miss Muriel Foster, contralto; Mr. Douglas Powell, baritone; M. Tivador Nachez, violinist, and Mr. Frank T. Watkin, pianist, accompanist.

The spring term at the Toronto College of Music opens February 1. Midwinter examinations will be held on February 13, 14 and 15. The new syllabus and calendar of the school may be had by applying to the secretary. A piano recital will be given at the College of Music on the evening of Thursday, February 7, by pupils of the Institute for the Blind at Brantford, the musical department of which institution is under the direction of Mr. Ernest Humphries.

At the students' recital, Toronto College of Music, last Saturday afternoon, the following piano and vocal numbers were rendered: Piano—Mendelssohn, Boat Song, No. 6, Evelyn Sloan; Rheinhold, Impromptu; Beatrice Morgan: Clementi, Sonatina, Op. 36, Addie Delaplant; Heller, Tarantelle, Bessie Munns; Tschaikowsky, Barcarolle, Laura Taylor: (a) Kuhau, Op. 59, No. 3, (b) Chamade, Serenade, Esther Graham: (a) Heller, Berceuse, (b) Bach, Prelude, Clara Biggar; Paderewski, Prelude, Georgia Knight; Bach Invention, (b) Dohler, Study, Lizzie Brebber; Chaminade, Serenade, Margaret Roy, Vocal, Tosti, Mattinata, Miss C. Davidson; Bevan, The Golden Bar, Maud Bouey; Blundell, Sunshine, The Lost Chord, Ethelia Carmichael; Little Pilgrims of the Night, Florence Walton; Gray, Savoir de la World, Pauline Breckell.

Apart from the special chorus numbers of the Male Chorus Club itself at the concert in Massey Hall on February 26, great interest attaches to the work of the two famous artists engaged for the occasion, Miss Aus der Ohe and David Bispham. Of the former the Boston "Herald" recently said: "It is difficult to speak in cool terms concerning the performance of Miss Aus der Ohe. She gave a remarkable exhibition of that which is noblest, and also most brilliant in piano playing. In supreme moments yesterday she swept everything before her, and there was no thought of comparison with other pianists." There is already a phenomenal subscription list for this concert, and all who have not subscribed should do so at once, as subscribers have the first choice of seats. Subscription lists are kept at all music stores and by each of the Club members. Mr. David Bispham, the eminent baritone, who will also appear at the Club concert, is already so well known here as to scarcely need any mention at the present time.

The general committee of the Leeds Festival have decided upon Beethoven's Mass in D and the Messiah as two of the works to be performed at their next meeting. They will also give a cantata by Bach, and Sullivan's Te Deum, providing this latter work proves suitable for festival purposes.

The choir of the Church of the Redeemer will give its Twentieth Century of Praise on Monday evening next, when the well-known excellence of the choir should draw a large congregation. Mr. Schuch has gathered about him a number of friends, and will have a chorus of eighty of his best voices. Solos will be sung by Misses Jardine-Thomson, Hungerford and McAlpine, and Messrs. Love and Drummond. Special choral features will be the Evening Service by Horace Reyner, organist of the Church of St. James the Apostle, Montreal, and Thou Wilt Keep Him in Perfect Peace, held to be the finest anthem written by the great Samuel Sebastian Wesley. A collection will be taken up at the door in aid of the choir fund.

The postponed concert of the Mendelssohn Choir will take place on Saturday evening, the 16th inst. After considerable trouble the executive committee of the society have succeeded in arranging for the appearance of the same artists as were announced for the date originally fixed for the concert. In addition to the numbers already announced a special memorial hymn is being rehearsed, and will be sung by the choir. The action of the committee in postponing the concert has met with the universal approbation of the subscribers to the concert, as well as the public generally. Rehearsals have been resumed, and it is expected that the society will surpass the best efforts of any previous appearance, at the approaching concert. As an indication of the keen interest which is being felt in the event by professional musicians, it might be stated that among subscribers to the concert are a very large number of choirmasters from all parts of the province. Not the least interesting feature of the programme will be the numbers to be contributed by Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield Zeister, the solo

pianist, and Miss Gertrude Stein, contralto. The recent triumphs of these eminent artists in various parts of the United States, where their services have been in great demand this season, prove the wisdom of the executive in the choice they have made in the selection of soloists. There are still a number of good seats to be had. The plan is now open at Massey Hall.

I have received some clippings from Melbourne papers through the courtesy of Mr. E. C. Wainwright in reference to a very successful season of opera being given in Australia. The tour is for six months. Mr. Wainwright pointedly says: "That grand opera can live for six months in distant Australia is another reminder that we Canadians are considerably behind our Australian cousins in matters musical." We are certainly beaten by Australia in the matter of opera. Judging from the correspondence in the London "Era" the Australians seem to have grand opera regularly every year. Even British South Africa seems to be better provided with opera than Canada.

Criticism seems to have been extremely frank and personal in the London journals of one hundred years ago. The "Daily Telegraph" reproduces the following notice of the debut of Signor Vinci at the opera in 1801: "Every part of the lady's personal stands the test of criticism. It is a model for the statuary; but if any parts are to be selected for peculiar praise, they are her arms and shoulders, than which nothing can be more beautiful." This panegyric, we are told, together with descriptions of the singer's eyes and teeth, precedes all reference to her voice.

The popularity of Scotch music and of the Caledonian Society was convincingly attested on Friday night, when an audience of twenty-eight hundred people assembled at the Massey Hall on the occasion of the Burns Anniversary Concert. The star of the evening was Miss Jessie Niven MacLachlan, the Scottish soprano, who came heralded as "the pet of royalty and the pride of Scotland." It is a pleasure to be able to admit that Miss MacLachlan is not only a charming singer, but a most sympathetic and vivid interpreter of purely Scotch songs. She has a very rich musical voice, and sings with the assurance and finish of the trained vocalist. Singers who have been advertised as special interpreters of Scotch lyrics have been found as a rule to be crude vocalists, but with plenty of elemental force, and a certain national aptitude for expression in their native music. Miss MacLachlan, however, in addition to her natural resources of temperament and expression, and the advantage of thoroughly appreciating the genius of Scottish music, has all the graces and refinements of the artist, and it is not to be wondered at that with such an equipment she has won the hearts of the people of the land of the heather. Miss MacLachlan had the assistance in completing a programme to which she was the principal contributor, of Mr. Jon Jackson, an excellent tenor; Mr. Donald MacGregor, a satisfactory artist; Mr. Fax, humorist; Miss Adelaide McClelland, the talented Toronto elocutionist; the Misses Minnie Ross and Ruth Bryce, Scotch dancers, and Piper Thomas Ross. The concert was a great success in every way. The artists were most liberally rewarded. Miss MacLachlan raised the Scotch blood of her audience to a high temperature by her splendid and inspiring rendering of A Hundred Pipes, which made the popular hit of the evening. Her rendering, however, was uniquely charming.

London advises state that all the seats at Bayreuth for the performances of the Ring des Nibelungen next July and August have been sold. The fact is considered remarkable, seeing that neither the cast of singers nor the conductor has yet been determined upon. The announcement will no doubt cause a good deal of disappointment in musical circles in Boston and New York, and a large number of the usual American contingent at Bayreuth will be frozen out.

Another effort will be made in the Imperial House of Commons this session to pass a bill for the registration of qualified music teachers. The subject is beset with many difficulties, and it is doubtful whether the bill will become law. The advocates of the measure assert that it will be a protection to the public against charlatans. But in music it is at present almost impossible to decide by a system of examination who is a charlatan and who is not. The majority of the composers in Great Britain and on the Continent have never passed examinations, and are they to submit to an examination at this stage of their career in order to be allowed to continue teaching? As results have proved, many men with a lot of parrot-like knowledge and well crammed with theory will pass the test of an examination and yet remain useless as practical musicians all their lives, while on the other hand many professors who make splendid teachers of young students would be plucked. The bill, it is intended, will extend the benefits of registration to governesses if properly qualified. But unless the standard of qualification is put low, Parliament will be loth to do anything to deprive governesses of their means of livelihood. London "Truth" points out suggestively that Sir Alexander Mackenzie possesses no university degree by examination, and that the occupants of the chairs of music at Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin and Edinburgh have never passed the examination for Mus. Doc., nor have Sir George Martin, Sir Walter Parratt, Sir H. Oakley, Drs. Cowen, Elgar, Prout, Cummings, Necks, Hopkins and Sinclair. Will these eminent musicians have to pass an examination in order to continue teaching? There is a suggestion that all teachers who have been exercising their profession for two years shall be admitted to registration. If this should be carried, the bill will be brought to a "reductio ad absurdum." My own opinion is that all musical examinations should be optional, and the public can choose for themselves between

the certified and the uncertified. This is practically the system in vogue in Canada. The possession of a certificate by no means guarantees the possession of qualifications for teaching. We have all met the certified teacher of the piano or violin who has not the faintest idea how to instruct, nor even a sound elementary knowledge of the methods for their instruments.

CHERUBINO.

Latest Railway Idea.

Why asks the Chicago "Railway Age" "should not railway passengers be shipped by the pound as well as other freight?" What is the justice in charging two fares for carrying a young couple weighing in the aggregate, say, 250 pounds, while collecting only a single fare from a 350-pounder, who not only fills a double seat with his breadth, but probably overflows with his legs and bundles into the opposite seat?" We have no doubt that passengers of spare build would hail the suggestion with delight, but what about those of large proportions? If we know human nature they will have to be carried to the scales, and imagination blanches at the thought of portly old ladies and gentlemen being wheeled on hand trucks by perspiring porters in order to ascertain their proper fares?

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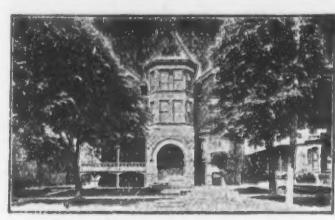
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Social and Personal.

Miss Muriel Atkins has just returned from a visit to New York, where the charming little Canadian was much feted and admired.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ethel Archer, Huron street, to Mr. Goldwin Colley Foster of the Imperial Bank, Montreal, eldest son of Mr. C. C. Foster of this city.

At the regular meeting of the Art Study Club on Monday afternoon, January 28, papers were read on "Maurilio" and "Minor Spanish Artists." The meeting was held, as usual, in the Examiner's Room of the Education Department.

The East End Euchre Club will hold their proposed meeting next Monday night at the residence of Mrs. J. F. W. Ross, in Huntley street. The annual concert of the Medico Literary Society will be held next Tuesday evening in the Normal School hall. Very pretty and patriotic little notices have been received by friends.

Mrs. A. F. Pirie (nee McCausland) died at her home in Dundas from an attack of pneumonia a few days since. Mrs. Pirie was a bright Toronto girl not many years ago, and her happy married life has been most suddenly ended, leaving a sorrowing husband and several dear little children, to whom, as well as to her relatives here, all sympathy is expressed.

Dr. Augusta Stowe Gullen and her mother, Dr. Emily Stowe, have gone to Florida. Mr. Harry Totten, who is in Dr. Walker's hospital with sciatica, is doing nicely. Mrs. Anglin is visiting Mrs. Falconbridge. Miss Aileen Anglin and Mr. F. Anglin are also visiting relatives in Toronto.

Sombre and without any of their former brilliancy will be the openings of the Parliaments of the Dominion and Ontario Houses. Next Wednesday has been fixed for this ceremony, both here and in Ottawa. It is a sad and dull time, indeed, and the whole country seems depressed. This is most unfortunate, considering the peculiar nature of the disease which is just now prevalent, and which, Heaven knows, brings depression enough which cannot be avoided, and needs a strong will to combat. While we can scarcely deny a feeling of sadness and loss when we think of the event which is regretted everywhere to-day, we should also reflect on the uselessness and probable hurtfulness of gloom to sick people.

Mr. Flinucane, that jolly and clever Irishman who was so popular in society, and so well liked also in club and banking circles, left on Wednesday for Calgary, where he has gone

Mrs. S. Murray Jarvis (nee Montgomery) and her little Toronto-born daughter have returned to Toledo, where a proud father is no doubt much enjoying the acquaintance of Miss Jarvis.

Mr. and Mrs. James Robertson and Miss Robertson are on pension at Miss Wallace's, St. George street. Mrs. and Miss Robertson will shortly return to Mexico City, where Messrs. Percy and Ford Robertson are now engaged in business.

Mrs. Herbert Greene and her mother have been spending a fortnight at the Welland Hotel, St. Catharines. Mrs. Macbeth of London and her daughter, Mrs. Niven, are also taking the baths there.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Macdonald are returning immediately from a pleasant sojourn at the Welland. Major and Mrs. Macdougall returned the beginning of last week. Dr. Fotheringham, who had a nasty attack of grippe, went over to St. Catharines last Saturday. Mr. W. D. Macpherson, who was a grippe convalescent, was recalled from the Welland to Toronto on Saturday last by the illness of his little daughter, who had pneumonia.

A quiet wedding was celebrated on Tuesday, January 22, at one o'clock, at the residence of Mrs. M. E. Quigley, 613 Spadina avenue, which, owing to a recent bereavement in the bride's family, was witnessed by relatives only. The contracting parties were Miss Louise McKibbin, daughter of the late Mr. George McKibbin of Spadina road, and sister of Mrs. Quigley, and Mr. Arthur Panton, barrister-at-law of Stratford. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. E. W. Panton, father of the bridegroom. The bride was given away by her brother, Dr. R. E. McKibbin of Vancouver. The bride, who wore her traveling gown of gray cloth and toque of velvet and stone marten, was attended by her niece, Miss Maude Quigley, prettily attired in pearl gray, and carrying a bouquet of roses. The drawing-room was very attractive, being decorated with roses, palms and smilax, the dining-room also being decorated, where a dainty wedding breakfast was served. Mr. and Mrs. Panton left by the afternoon train for Buffalo and the East, where they will spend a couple of weeks before taking up their residence in Stratford.

The residence of Mr. Duncan McKinlay, 58 Brock avenue, was the scene of a very pleasant gathering on Saturday evening, the 26th inst., the occasion being the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. McKinlay. A large number of friends enjoyed the hospitality of the host and hostess. The table was beautifully decorated. The music rendered, vocal and instrumental, was excellent. Mr. and Mrs. McKinlay were the recipients of many handsome presents. Amongst those present were Rev. and Mrs. A. Logan Geggie, Veterinary Surgeon-Major Hall, Sergeant and Mrs. White, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Gorrie, Mr. and Mrs. John de Gruchy, Mr. and Mrs. J. Summerfield, Mr. and Mrs. A. Duff, Mr. W. and Miss L. McBratney, Miss Laura Rowntree of Weston, Miss Ethel Dodds of Bolton, Mrs. J. Carveth, Mrs. T. J. Gillkinson, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bennett, Miss Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Muir.

Mrs. George T. Marks, of Port Arthur, who is spending the winter in Toronto, is at the Arlington, and will receive on Thursday.

Mrs. Alex. Short of Beaconsfield avenue leaves on February 4 for a six weeks' visit to Ottawa and Montreal.

Church of the Redeemer
Monday Evening, Feb. 4.
XXth CENTURY SERVICE OF PRAISE

Special appropriate music by the Choir, augmented to 50 VOICES.
Soloists—Miss Jardine-Thompson, Miss Claire Hungen, Miss Mary McAlpine, Mr. Robert Lee, Mr. Robert Drummond.

Collection at the door in aid of the Choir funds. C. J. Dixon, Mus. Bac., Organist; E. W. Schuch, Chorister.

PRIVATE RIDING LESSONS

Ladies' and gentlemen's classes in riding. For terms apply to—

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Riding instructor to all the ladies' schools in Toronto.

Something Unique.

Unique amongst the mourning emblems displayed in Toronto are those to be seen in the windows of Tyrrell & Co.'s book shop, King street. The conception here is artistic rather than commercial, and it is well carried out. One window represents something of the intellectual side of the Victorian era. In it are tastefully arranged busts of Tennyson, Ruskin and Salisbury, with a large picture of the Queen and an illuminated copy of Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar." In the other window one sees Britain's territorial progress typified. There is a

large atlas open at a map of the world, and a framed copy of the coats-of-arms of all countries under the British flag. Above are busts of Generals Roberts, Kitchener, Buller and Baden-Powell, and below those of King Edward VII, and Queen Alexandra on either side of an illuminated copy of Sir Walter Scott's famous lines on patriotism. The drapings of the two windows are of purple. The whole forms a very attractive and suggestive exhibit.

Brassie—Proposed to Miss Green yet?
Nibleck—No; every time I attempt it I foole my approach.—"Town Topics."

Caller—Is Mrs. Kafippe at home?

Ellen (just over)—No, mum. Caller—

Do you know where she has gone? El-

len—Yis, mum. Upshtair, be the back

way.—Chicago "Times-Herald."

FAIRWEATHER'S**Fine Fur
Jackets**

Special prices still rule and the stock is nicely assorted in all kinds of fine fur jackets—Seal, Persian Lamb, Electric Seal, Moire Astrachan, Bokharen, and fine Canadian Coon. You know our reputation for reliability, you have our guarantee for quality, fit and the making; and buying furs at "Fairweather's" means the most quality for the least to pay always. Special prices mean to you now

10 to 25 Per Cent. Discount

and there's the inducement now of selecting fur garments made of the newest skins, for first shipments of the new season in Seal, Persian Lamb and Electric Seal are here.

Seal Jackets..... 150.00 to 250.00.
Persian Lamb Jackets..... 85.00 to 125.00.
Electric Seal Jackets..... 35.00 up.

J. W. T. FAIRWEATHER & CO., 84 YONGE.



Eleanor.

A WORD ABOUT**Morris
Chairs**

FIRST as to the name. They are called Morris Chairs after Wm. Morris, the famous English poet-artist, who invented them, and, great writer though he was, it is possible his name is better known to the million through his easy chair than through his books.

THERE are Morris Chairs and Morris Chairs. Ours grow in favor because we are careful to stick closely to the original idea. They are well proportioned, strongly made, softly upholstered and handsomely covered.

OUR prices, too, are eminently reasonable, beginning at \$10.50 for a handsome chair in fine oak, similar in design to the one in which the heroine above pictured is taking her ease.

ANOTHER line, with spring seats and padded backs instead of cushions, we are clearing at

\$7.50, \$8.50 and \$9.50.

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**A Ladies' or Gentleman's
Suit Case.**

is Useful at all Seasons

Some special designs just to hand. New and nobby.

REAL ALLIGATOR RUSSET BROWN OLIVE
SOME FITTED WITH TOILET ARTICLES

Call and see them.

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By MAX PEMBERTON.

Paper 75c. Cloth \$1.25.

"Comes like a breath of

spring fresh and sweet . . .

. . . There is brightness and

vivid realism in the narra-

tive . . ."

—Westminster.

Zangwill's Masterpiece.

The Mantle

Of Elijah

By JOHN URI LLOYD.

Illustrated.

Paper 75c. Cloth \$1.50.

"Humorous, pathetic,

mysterious, and dramatic,

as well as continually inter-

esting . . . There is enough good material in

the book for several ro-

mances, but the author

seems to delight in giving

it away, and no reader

would willingly lose any of it."

—Mail and Empire.

Stringtown

On the Pike

By JOHN URI LLOYD.

Illustrated.

Paper 75c. Cloth \$1.25.

"Not to read it is to be

fearfully out in the cold,

and to miss as well the

pleasure of an intensely

clever and absorbing no-

vel."

—Mail and Empire.

Some people are so busy thanking God for the benefits they receive that they can't find time to pay the grocer for his share in supplying them.

Brassie—Proposed to Miss Green yet?
Nibleck—No; every time I attempt it I foole my approach.—"Town Topics."

Caller—Is Mrs. Kafippe at home?
Ellen (just over)—No, mum. Caller—

Do you know

Ye
Old
Firm
of
Heintzman
&
Co.

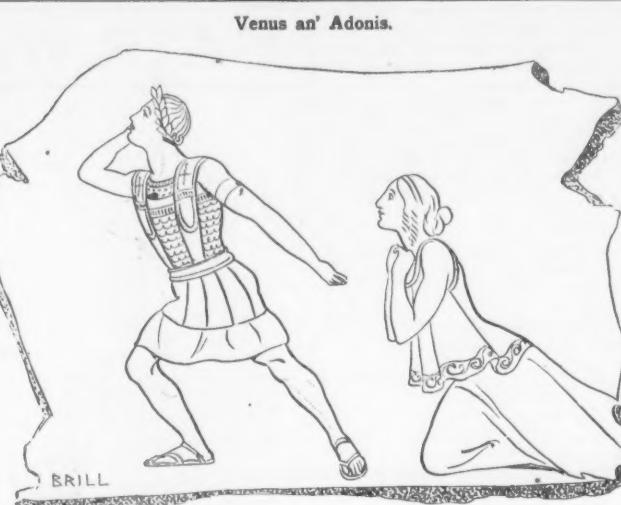
Piano Extras

Some special pianos that are as good as new that we are clearing at nearly half manufacturer's price to start business for the new century.

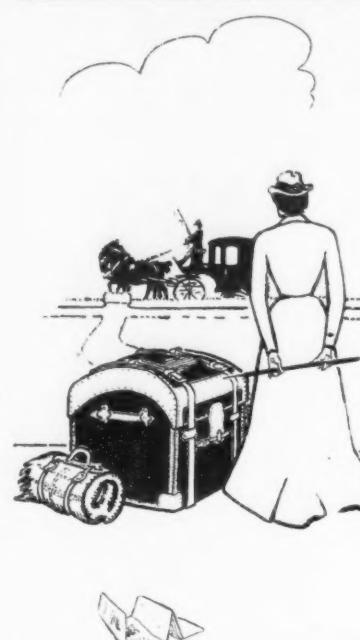
—Colonial Uxbridge Piano, very handsome, 4-8 high, walnut case, full iron frame, good as new. Manufacturer's price, \$400; Our price, \$250—\$20 cash and \$5 a month.

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Venus an' Adonis.



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Especially built for continental travel but quite suitable for ordinary use.

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"Texas Siftings," was also a Canadian. Others who have contributed more or less to the humorous literature of Canada, whether permanent or ephemeral, are Robert Barr (Luke Sharp), his brother, James Barr; Mrs. Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan), Palmer Cox, who created the inimitable "Brownies"; John Hunter-Duvar, author of a delightfully dainty and delicate piece of humor, "The Immigration of the Fairies"; Charles Dawson Shanly, John E. Logan (Barry Dane); Dr. W. H. Drummond, who has made the "Habitant" a familiar companion to all English-speaking Canada; William McLennan of Montreal, and a number of less important names. I had almost forgotten the late Grant Allen, in whose book of verse, "The Lower Slopes," will be found a number of very amusing quasi-scientific poems, perhaps the best of which is "The First Idealist."

Are All Reading It?

And now all the old maids are saying that they would not write such things as an Englishwoman's Love Letters to any man on any consideration, and yet they are reading it all the time and crying over it. But these protesting spinsterettes are not the only readers of this extraordinarily engrossing volume, the brilliant force of which is recognized by everybody with a vestige of literary taste. "I do not know who wrote it," said Mr. Murray, the English publisher of the work, "and I cannot even guess. My impression is that the letters were genuine enough, and that they were edited by a literary hand, so as to give them that perfect touch which has made them such a delight to the reading public." Truly there seems to be nothing so fascinating to this same "reading public" as a little mystery.

15-1

A Kipling Sort of Book.

The Victoria "Times," in reviewing Lord Jim, Joseph Conrad's great tale, commences by comparing it to Kipling's work, and says: "It is a breathless, rushing, Kipling sort of a book, with enough force to leave one gasping. It is as if a Niagara of words came upon one. But back of it is a real live story, a yarn to make the head swim. . . . Everyone with any pretense of being 'au courant' must read Lord Jim. It will be the book of the day, I fancy, or it ought to be."

15-1

Days of Mourning.

In the days of national mourning and the general desire to give outward expression to it, a gentleman cannot more appropriately do so than in his apparel, and black, therefore, is in greater demand than it has been at any time in the country's history. Henry A. Taylor, draper, the Rossin Block, is placing many orders on his books from gentlemen who desire to honor the dead Queen's memory in this way, and in his splendid collection of fine imported black woolens there is ample choice of fabrics for all purposes in highest class tailored garments.

A Misunderstanding.

She (to her late returning hubby)—This is a nice time to get home, isn't it? Perhaps you've been in pleasanter company than mine? He—Honni soit qui mal y pense! She—That's right, now swear at your poor wife Go on! "Pick-Me-Up!"

De Tanque—My father is eighty years old and has never used glasses. O'Souque—Always drinks from the bottle, eh?—Philadelphia "Record."

Venus an' Adonis is the name of two lovely doves who lived in a town named Greece. Adonis was a good-looking mug who didn't do nothing but chase the ants—seed, an' Venus was a goddess (wot ever 'tell dat ist!)

Anyhow, de goddess was dead stuck on his nob, but his golflets, bein' a good-looker, had lady frien's tu bur, so he gives Venus de frozen heart. Now, wot does de dolly do but tag aroun' after de dude snivellin' like a waste pipe, making eyes and sputtin' poetry till Adonis was sick tu his stummeck.

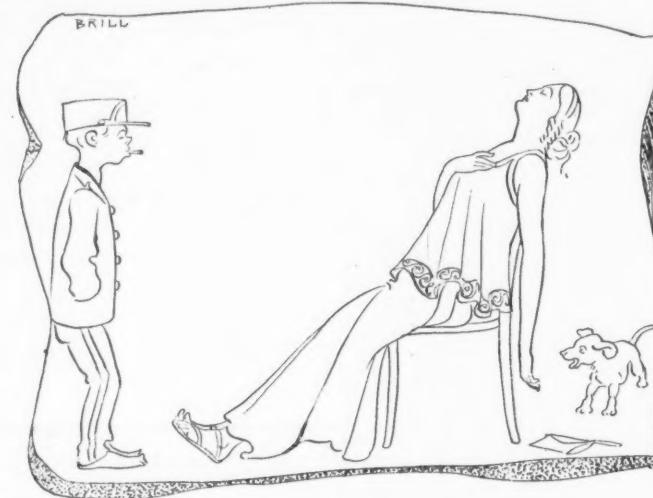
One day Adonis had a date tu go huntin' and Venus, as usual, was 'roun, blubberin' an' sighin' an' sayin' she was sure he'd never come back; an' dat he didn't care for his biddle no more, an' dat he mus' wrap up warm, an' not wear his short tunic an' git

cold, an' mus' hurry back an' she would have some nice new poetry ready. Adonis couldn't stand it no longer, so he up an' takes a sneak inter de woods, an' plekin' out de biggest wild boar he could find, fights him to a finish.

Dat night, when Venus was sittin' in de kitchen workin' tidles, de bell rung an' she gets a telegraf dat her lover's kicked de bucket.

Here is where Venus does de faintin' act, an' when she comes to, she trots inter de woods tu find his nob, but she gets left, fer on de spot were he squeaked, a bag er flour had sprung up.

But placin' de flour in her lovely bosom she wept an' wept over it, an' say, it didn't do a thing tu dat lovely bosom.



Stock Companies Versus Stars.

The following is part of a poem contributed to a discussion at the Dramatist Club on the relative merits of the stock and star systems:

"Stock or Star?" To my mind that's no question at all; One need not date back to the ark to recall

The time when to go to the play was a treat Not involving the coughing up 5 plunks per seat.

For a mere half-dollar, or two at the most, "In Consule Plano," I've witnessed a host

Of plays and players so good that

The "stars" of to-day are not 12-16 "Stars?" Rubbish! They're comets who flash into sight.

To some disapproving American night, Give me an old fogey—the old-fashioned troupe,

Each able and willing to do "leads" or "supe's!"

To-night as in Hamlet or Romeo shine, To-morrow, sans murmur, to fill up the line

Of light-hearted villagers, free from all care, Who fronted bolts of pasteboard quaff bumpers of air.

It was not alone what they did they did well (The stars of to-day in some few parts excepted).

But the good, old "stock" actors may Heaven rest their souls!

Were great in not one but in hundreds of plays.

They moved you to laughter, they moved you to tears;

As "heavies" earned hisses, as "hermits" roused cheers;

From Shakespeare to Morton the gamut ran through;

And their work, farce or tragedy, always rang true.

"Eheu fugaces!" My memory strays—

Tis a failing of age—to those red-letter days

When a Gilbert, a Warren, a Burton

And others less more thought it no shame, too soon,

Though the center, by right, they had claimed of the stage

On Monday or Tuesday to come on as

When it was not considered a triumph

Of art To please matinee girls in a tailor,

But the "stock" actor—would that recall him I could!

Was expected—and did—to in hundreds make good!

This is to Macbeth "win your hot-palmed applause."

The next one as "Toodles" compel your guttae.

But no longer, dear B., with my babble,

With a final request I relinquish the floor,

If, like a good chap, you my gratitude

Cast a ballot for "stock" for yours,

J. Cheever Goodwin.

"Melodrama in the Future."

The American Millionaire (last act)—

At last you are in my power! Yesterday I purchased all the mortgages on your dismantled castle, together with all your over-due notes and judgments against you. You cannot escape me now.

If you do not comply with my demands, I shall order foreclosure proceedings at once and crush you like a worm in the dust. But do as I demand, and I will not only forget your ragged past, but will make you one of the richest and swellest "dooks" now before the public!

The Duke (trembling)—And what would you have me do?

The American Millionaire—Marry my only daughter!

The Duke (desperately)—For the honor of my family name, I'll do it!

"Town Topics."

The woman who is in the habit of telling her troubles makes more calls than she receives.

GASTRITIS

The doctors have all sorts of names for stomach and bowel troubles, but they are all pretty much the same in character as for all. Indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn, and similar troubles are more or less related, and whatever is good for one is good for the others. Hutch Tablets accomplish wonderful things in troubles of the digestive

organs. The beauty of it is that you can carry it in your vest pocket. No messin' or spoonin'! It doesn't contain injurious ingredients, either. It removes the cause. It heals the membrane of the stomach, stops fermentation, and brings about relief that nothing else ever did before. Society demands that one should eat and drink much that is dangerous to one's health. That Hutch has come to be looked upon as a remedy, no one can ignore. Sold at all druggists; 10c, 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

"The Hutch People,"

Toronto and Buffalo.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

Andrews—Jan. 29th, Mrs. B. C. H. Andrews, a daughter; King—Jan. 29th, Mrs. Ralph King, a daughter.

Phillips—Jan. 28th, Mrs. Arthur J. Phillips, a son.

Willson—Jan. 28th, Mrs. W. H. Willson, a daughter.

De Mora—Jan. 18th, Mrs. A. H. De Mora, a son.

Hyslop—Jan. 28th, Mrs. Wm. Hyslop, Jr., a son.

Nasmith—Jan. 25th, Mrs. John D. Nasmith, twins, son and daughter.

Norris—Jan. 15th, Mrs. W. R. N. Norris, a son.

Jarman—Jan. 25th, Mrs. H. E. Jarman, a daughter.

Marriages.

Reilly—Stewart—Jan. 21st, Will G. Reilly to Annie Isabella Stewart.

Rodgers—McLaughlin—Jan. 20th, Chas. J. Rodgers to Maude McLaughlin.

Grobet—Fleisher—Jan. 19th, Charles H. Grobet to Max Fleisher.

Dumble—Melhuish—Jan. 21th, Wm. C. Dumble to Sarah M. Y. Melhuish.

Perkins—Hearle—Jan. 20th, H. Perkins to Clara Hunter Hearle.

Deaths.

Brandon—Jan. 30th, Sarah Brandon, in her 47th year.

Mason—Jan. 30th, Thos. E. Mason, in his 2nd year.

Hill—Jan. 29th, Minnie Hill.

McBride—Jan. 29th, Harold Samuel McBride, in his 9th year.

Peel—Jan. 5th, John Armistead Peel, in his 29th year.

Swinerton—Eliza Swinerton, in her 75th year.

McKellar—Jan. 29th, Catharine Mary

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